Automotive News

Exposition Arranged

Plans for an "International Exposition," aimed to transform Navas Buick's Commonwealth avenue building into a realization of the dreams of stay-at-homes and what the appetites of globetrotters were announced yesterday for Washington's Birthday by C. S. Henshaw, manager of the Noyes Buick Sales Company.

Spread out before visitors will be many interesting displays, including a close-up view of the first incubator used by Dr. A. B. Dafoe for the Dionne quintuplets at Callander, Ontario.

A group of 700 posters will depict scenic attractions of the world, 25 large double-faced revolvingly lighted panels furnishing a background.

Amory H. Waite, Jr., chief radio operator of the "Bear of Oakland" and one of the three men who went to the relief of Admiral Byrd when he was isolated on the Rolling advance base on his last expedition to Little America, will be on hand, with Eskimo dogs that traveled within 180 miles of the South Pole, also much of the equipment used and action pictures taken in Antarctica.

A complete line of 1936 Buicks, available in 100 color, upholstery, and equipment combinations, will be displayed. In the Thrifty Buyer's department, there will be value surprises.

Wilma Pratt's University Club Band of Syncopators will play concert and popular tunes.

Admission is free.

The exposition hours on Washington's Birthday are from 10 to 6, and on Sunday afternoon from 2 to 6 for display only.

Automobile 'Open House' Saturday

THE ANNUAL Washington's Birthday open house event on Automobile Row will be held Saturday. The Boston dealers are making elaborate preparations to display cars of all makes and models on the holiday. Music, entertainment and buffet luncheons are part of the program at many places.

In a statement issued yesterday, George W. Sweet, president of the Boston Automobile Dealers' Association, stated:

"The biggest and best display of both used and new cars will be offered on Washington's Birthday. We are planning to make this event one of the largest in history. We feel certain that everybody who visits Automobile Row on the holiday will receive a great welcome."

Hints Given On Starting

IF YOUR CAR on these cold winter mornings is hard to wake up and can't seem to limber its joints, check up

This advice for car owners is contained in a winter driving bulletin just issued by the automotive engineering department of the Stewart-Warner Corporation, stated C. R. Jones, New England regional manager.

"In winter your car needs a light grade winter oil.

"If you're using the proper grade of oil and still encounter difficulty, here are a few suggestions:

"Your battery may be run down or frozen. Batteries should be checked regularly.

"Another cause of hard starting may be a defective spark plug. Unclean or improperly adjusted distributor points are often at fault. Investigate these things.

"Change the oil in the crankcase regularly."

Contest to Set Record

THE "AUTO IDENTITY" contest, sponsored by the Classified Advertising Department of the Boston Sunday Advertiser and Boston Evening American, is expected to break the mark set by the contest last year, evidenced by the number of phone calls and inquiries received during the past week.

The contest consists of identifying fifteen 1936 autos and naming a dealer who sells the cars. First prize will be 500 gallons of Good Gulf gasoline. There will be sixteen prizes in all.

It is not too late to start this contest. You can get the auto numbers from the offices of the Sunday Advertiser and Evening American at 5 Winthrop square, or you can see the papers at any public library.

Auto Firm to Have Exhibition of Art

VISITORS at the showroom of the Studebaker - Pierce - Arrow Companies at 900 Commonwealth avenue on Washington's Birthday, next Saturday, are to be well rewarded.

The Vose Galleries of Boston is preparing an exhibition of paintings which include works of world famous artists.

Music will be furnished by Art Rubin.

The recent economy test—a Western Classic in the Yosemite Valley in California, was won by two Studebaker cars; a Studebaker President 8-passenger sedan and a Studebaker Dictator 5-passenger sedan. These cars will be on display and delivery will be available for all callers to ride in.

LaFayette Has "Sleeping Car"

The LaFayette sedan which may be turned into a sleeping car—one of the features of the Sportsman's Show—is now being exhibited at the Nash New England display showroom on Commonwealth Ave.

This give the owner an overnight camp or an extra room at the summer cottage. Pres. Harold C. Hart says of it:

"The car created so much keen interest at the show we decided to invite those who have seen and heard about it, to come here and become better acquainted with its unique features."

"Merit Men" Will Attend Convention

Harold D. Bornstein, Zigmon J. Kord and William S. Finnegan of the Cadillac-LaSalle sales division of the Cadillac Automobile Company of Boston, leave for Biloxi, Miss., and the Mardi Gras in New Orleans, Friday as outstanding salesmen who in 1935 won the title of Merit Men.

One of the Willys Models

GAIN in popularity is reported for the Willys line. The model pictured is the 1936 Willys 77 sedan.

TimelyTalk On Poultry

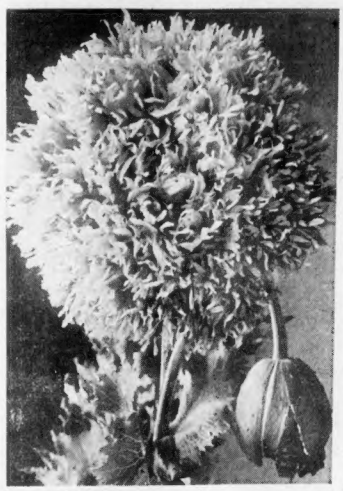
By UNCLE TED

If there is a question in your mind as to the number of chicks you should grow this season, there is one point upon which you should have no argument. That is the matter of QUALITY. Under this head comes, first, the matter of the quality of the chicks themselves as they come from the incubator and this, of course, goes back to the breeding stock and the method of hatching and handling. Second, the matter of quality at maturity as determined by care and feeding.

When funds are short there is always a tendency to attempt to "get by" and develop as large a flock as possible at minimum cost. Chicks are purchased at the lowest price with an eye to numbers rather than quality; the available brooder pens and equipment are overcrowded; feeds of low quality are used. All such factors adversely affect results.

From a profit standpoint it is far better to grow 200 chicks of real value and give these the very best of attention than to skimp in the effort to produce a flock of 1000. I urgently advise every poultryman to go over the situation in advance and with great care, determine how many chicks he can handle correctly with existing buildings and equipment, and then proceed along this line. Buy chicks of that character which will best meet the ends in view, give them feed of high quality, handle them with the most painstaking care during the entire period of growth. By following this system he cannot fail to make greater profits than if he concentrates on quality rather than quantity.

Puffed Like Feather Ball



MAJESTIC CARDINAL poppy, with great balls of fringed petals in gorgeous colors. The cardinal and white flowers stand out above other garden annuals. Included in Boston Advertiser beauty collection listed elsewhere on this page.

Expert Tells How to Beautify Land

By EDWARD C. VICK
Home Garden Editor

Repton, the first artistic landscape gardener, the genius whose theories form the basis of the best work at the present time, quoted a verse which home owners do well to remember in laying out their grounds:

"Insult not Nature with absurd expense,
Nor spoil her simple charms by vain pretence;
Weigh well the subject, be with caution bold,
Profuse of genius, not profuse of gold."

Simple and artistic effects are to be desired in placing home grounds rather than too lavish

E. C. Vick

and gaudy displays. Avoid overcrowding. There should be a well defined purpose for each effect at improvement. Only a harmonious view, such perhaps as the children's playground should be expected to be in disorder, or a motor boat's chicken house may be shut off by a proper place, but is now a detriment to the property.

In laying out the grounds about a new house, or an old place that has not been properly planted, the first consideration generally is the foundation planting.

Yards open to the street show the faces of the house in their best aspects. The foundation planting should soften the severe lines of the building, adding to the attractiveness and value of the place.

Foundation planting can have the effect of making houses with high foundations appear lower. Be careful not to dwarf the appearance of a small house by planting about the foundation plants that grow to large proportions. Foundation planting can be overdone and only in exceptional cases, where there is a very good reason for it and which is not common, should the planting extend all around the house.

What to use in foundation planting will depend on the size of the foundation.

The ground in the beds should be well dug and all stones and trash removed. If the soil dug from the cellar has been used for grading around the house, that is an important problem to be considered. If the topsoil can be added, that is desirable; otherwise, if the soil is clay, spread furnace ashes or sand over the surface and dig it in as early in the season as possible, mixing well with the soil. Then give a good application of hydrated lime: as much as half a pound to the square foot may be required, working it lightly into the top soil with an iron rake. Lime should not be used if evergreens are to be planted.

A few weeks later, if manure is obtainable, spread it heavily over the surface and turn it under. If lime has not been used, the manure may be turned under immediately. As a manure substitute, use peat moss and that may be turned under without waiting until lime is applied.

The soil about foundations is generally very poor and needs manipulation. Shrubby soil should be treated with manure or peat moss, also lime in the same manner as suggested.

This article is the first of a series to be written by Mr. Vick on "Beautifying The Home Grounds." To be continued in next Sunday's Boston Advertiser.

POULTRY

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Get these "American Beauty" chicks for Big Quality Profits! Blood Tray Culled. Custom Qualified. Accredited Breeders.

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Dr. B. ROSEMONT, N. J.

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Your inquiry, if mailed on or before Feb. 25th, will entitle you to EARLY ORDER CASH DISCOUNT. Write today for prices and literature. We are only start with hatches of real quality.

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QUALITY CHICKS
NEW HAMPSHIRES, RHODE ISLAND REDS, BARRED ROCKS, BUFF ROCKS, WHITE ROCKS, 100% non-sexing or pullet chicks. Blood tested. Bred for the heavy production of big brown eggs over a long laying season. Write for our FREE 1936 catalog. Also for our $50.00 in cash prize contest. Tel. 160.

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Buff Orpingtons	2.50	4.50	8.00

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Brown or White Leghorns $5.00
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Started Chicks, 2 wks. 32c—100; 3 wks. 42c—100; 4 wks. 52c—100; 5 wks. $2.50—100.
Antigen Chicks are from 200 to 325 egg pullet hens.

BABY CHICKS, $9.00
Per Hundred Leghorn, Rar & White Rocks, N. H. & R. I. Reds, Wyandottes, Giants, Minorcas, Assorted Heavies, Pullets, Cockerels, Assorted Chicks, $8.00. Send for Circular.
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HERBSTER'S QUALITY CHICKS
Big R. W. Reds, W. & L. L. Reds, Wh. Wyandottes, Wh. Leghorns, Wh. Minorcas, Anconas, Heavy Mixed $7.—100
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WALCK'S CHICKS 40,000 EVERY WEEK
Strong, healthy, fast growing—Antigen Blood-tested. Make any three consecutive hatches. Low prices. Write for FREE CATALOG.
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New 40-hour week means many appointments
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WINTER GARDEN TASKS

On fine days admit air freely to all plants, carefully avoiding cold draughts.

* * *

Watering potted plants may be more copious, but do not overdo it. Sprinkling the foliage of most plants will be beneficial.

* * *

Manure water or fertilizer tablets can be used to advantage.

* * *

Keep house plants near the window and turn them around frequently so they may develop evenly on all sides.

* * *

Where there is a greenhouse or conservatory, cuttings can be divided and potted.

* * *

Dormant sprays of miscible oils must be applied before the buds start growing on fruit or ornamental trees.

* * *

Lime sulphur is the spray to use on lilacs, while dormant, for scale insects.

* * *

Prepare manure for hotbeds. Electric hotbeds save this trouble. However the manure used for hotbeds is very useful for keeping the soil of flower or vegetable gardens in good fertility.

Answers

Notice—All inquiries must have full name and address so that they may be answered by mail if not of sufficient interest to answer here.

PRUNING ROSES, GRAPES

Mrs. M. S., Rockland: Prune grapes in February or early March. Old, overgrown vine limbs will be removed to develop the fruit year. It is difficult to say exactly how to prune roses without seeing them. Cut the canes back at least three-quarters of their length and possibly a little more than that.

Rose bushes can be cut back to five inches above the surface of the ground after severe weather.

MUSHROOM SOIL

J. F. B., Rockland: Horse manure is the best material for growing mushrooms. Freshly gathered leaves has been used in place of manure. Three portions of leaves to one of fresh loam thoroughly mixed, dusting the material as mixed with air or nitrate of soda. That starts active fermentation which generates needed heat.

Watering until lime is applied.

HOME SHOPPING

FISTULA

Regardless of whether or not you have been operated on for Fistula, Piles, or any other rectal trouble, write today to the McCleary Clinic, 3286 Elms Blvd., Excelsior Springs, Mo., for their Free Book describing the McCleary treatment which has proved successful in more than 30,000 cases. This book was prepared by Dr. T. Gordon McCleary, a well known authority on rectal and colon diseases. In your letter please state if you are troubled with Fistula, Piles or other rectal affliction. The book is free and you will be under no obligation whatever.

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You can cover the average room with high-grade artistic wall paper in 30 minutes at 90 cents—by buying at lowest prices. Send for big free catalog. Even a single small mail order catalog but a large book of samples of artistic wall papers and borders as well as walls. Write today.

PENN WALLPAPER MILLS
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Send name and address for deeply modeled Crucifix Ring of Sterling Silver, Sacred Heart Design. Silver Oxidized finish. Absolutely Free without one cent of cost. Send for FREE ring now.

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TREATMENT mailed any sufferer on trial. If satisfied, send $1. Else nothing. Today.

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402 Ohio Ave., SIDNEY, OHIO.

Straight Eight Cuke

New vegetables include Rutgers Tomato, developed by the New Jersey Experimental Station. It is an excellent tomato, large, of good flavor and color.

Penn State, developed at the Pennsylvania Experimental Station, is another popular tomato.

Straight Eight Cucumber is quite uniformly eight inches long and straight. The foliage of the vine is good and it is productive. The fruit is solid and the flavor is good.

Top Cross Golden Bantams Corn has made a hit with home gardeners and market growers. It is eight-rowed varying to ten or twelve.

GARDEN

WEEPING PALM
THE WONDER OF THE WORLD
3 for 10c
Grows From Seed, makes a fine Showy Window Palm
SHOO FLY PLANT
KEEPS FLIES OUT OF THE HOUSE
JAPANESE Rose Bush
Blooms on them in 3 months
Guaranteed to Bloom Every Two Weeks. Winter and Summer. Pick a bloom every week and have a bunch of roses in Winter or to send to friends in Summer. Sweet De Your Room. All 3 plgs. of Seed by Mail for 25 Cents and 2 Cents for Postage.
E.I. Marven, Dept. 33, So. Norwalk, Conn.

VICKS CrecoASTERS 5 Pkts. 10¢
Largest, most and Wilt-resistant and 1 10-size, 2 of Vick's Garden Guide for a dime! Send today!
JAMES VICK SEED CO.
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Petunias 5 Fine Bedding Sorts
Rose of Heaven; Norma, white blue eyes; Rosy Morn, white; Howards Star; Mixed Sorts, All 5 Above packets 10c
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SENT POSTPAID BY LEADING HORTICULTURAL AUTHORITY. 600 pages . . . Fully Illustrated . . . printed in large type . . . Bound in Cloth and Stiff Boards. The price is $1.50 and may be ordered through the Home Garden Department, Boston Sunday Advertiser. The cash with order must be sent postpaid. If pleased, you send $1.50 to the publishers or return the book.

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GARDEN

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4 BEST COLORS
Scarlet, Yellow, Lavender, Rose
4 Pkts 10¢
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All 5-only 10c
SHOO-FLY PLANT
Keeps Flies Out of Doors
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A GLOW of BEAUTY
Rose of Heaven; Norma, white blue eyes; Rosy Morn, white; Howards Star; Mixed Sorts, All 5 Above packets 10c
PEACHES ON VINES
Grow Them in Pots
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MOSQUITO PLANT
Keeps Mosquitoes Away
ALL 5 only 10c Postpaid. Send for Catalog FREE.
E ANDREWS FREW, Sta. 203, PARADISE, PA.

Straight Eight Cuke

NOW is the time to plan that beauty spot! Let these pages help you in the pleasant task

If there are questions—problems—ask and hesitate to write our Edward C. Vick, Home Garden Editor, Boston Sunday Advertiser, 5 Winthrop Square, Boston. He will be happy to serve you.

SEND TODAY FOR YOUR BOSTON ADVERTISER BEAUTY COLLECTION

Choicest varieties selected from the finest stock in the land by Mr. Vick for the exclusive use of Boston Sunday Advertiser readers, to encourage greater interest in home gardening. There are NUMBERS of plants to a row. Handling, packing and mailing. Take advantage of this offer and mail your coupon TODAY!

No. 1, Carnations equal to florists flowers. Sweet scented, delightfully spicy and beautiful. 12 cents

No. 2, Giant Poppies. In white, blush, bearing big, beautiful feathery balls of double flowers with fringed petals, in brilliant colors ..... 12 cents

No. 3, Shirley Poppies, greatly improved, single and double. Delicate and exquisitely beautiful flowers ..... 5 cents

No. 4, Double Giant Imperial stocks, many branched tall plants, bearing numerous tall spikes closely set with large fragrant flowers ..... 5 cents

No. 5, Gaillardia, Lorenziana, a most showy, annual flower, easily grown in any soil. Blooms until frost ..... 5 cents

No. 6, Gerbera, "Annual Asters," brilliant Arabian daisy flowers in large clusters. Shrubby plants. Sligh ..... 5 cents

No. 8, Calendulas, the splendid new varieties ..... 5 cents

No. 7, Larkspurs. Wonderful annual delphiniums. A new race of tall spikes of double flowers. Handsome for beds and borders. Plan for cutting ..... 5 cents

No. 8, New, beautiful Scabious-Flowered Pincushion, in many brilliant colors. A novel new flower ..... 12 cents

No. 9, Pantsy, the new Chrysanthemum-Flowered Zinnias ..... 12 cents

No. 10, Dwarf Bouquet Zinnias. Flowers two and three inches across, two to three inches deep in magnificent shades and colors ..... 5 cents

No. 11, Lilliput Zinnias. Small graceful flowers, miniature size ..... 5 cents

No. 12, Little Beauty Zinnias. New, very dwarf bushy plants covered with brilliant flowers. Edging for dwarf borders, window boxes or pots ..... 5 cents

Numbers 5 to 12 ordered at one time..... 50 cents

All different kinds ordered at one time..80 cents

These packets of any number may be had by the dozen at not less than three times the price.

All are excellent for showy gardens and for cutting.

All flower the first season planted.

All 12 packets 80 cents

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Send packets listed below. for seeds indicated Inds.

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.....No. 2	.....No. 9
.....No. 3	.....No. 10
.....No. 4	.....No. 11
.....No. 5	.....No. 12
.....No. 6	Nos. 5 to 12, 50 cents
.....No. 7	All 12 packets 80 cents

All 7 of above 45 cents

Name .....

Street and No. .....

City and State .....

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY

Greatest Circulation in the World

"The Nation's Reading Habit"

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Sunday, Feb. 16, 1936

American Beauties — *A New Series of Paintings by Henry Clive* — *No. 2—"Girl of the Golden West"*

A Vivid And Terrible Lesson Of What War Means

LONDON.

DURING these days when Britain is uneasy with wars and rumors of war the Imperial War Museum, at South Kensington, is attracting thousands of citizens who never before took the trouble to visit the institution where paintings and exhibits assembled by the government dramatically depict what armed strife means to combatants and non-combatants.

Perhaps the most impressive argument against war in the museum is the painting "Gassed," a huge picture reproduced in miniature on this page. The canvas is the work of the eminent English artist, John S. Sargent, who did not have to draw on his imagination to preach his vivid, if silent, sermon for peace. Mr. Sargent made the sketches for his painting at a dressing station at Bac-du-Sud, France, in the Summer of 1918, when hundreds of soldiers, blinded by mustard gas, were arriving from the front lines.

The artist sketched what he saw—squads of sightless men being led to a place of safety away from the rattle of rifle fire and the chatter of machine guns, hundreds of them stretched out on the ground waiting for the overworked doctors and nurses to get around to them. From these sketches, made with the rumble of artillery fire in his ears, he painted a picture of simple fact, without accentuation and free from propaganda. This may explain the deeply moving effect that the picture has on everyone who looks upon it.

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A Hush Usually Comes Over the Gayest Visitors in London's Imperial War Museum When They Gaze on This Distressing War Picture by Sargent. People Stand and Stare at It in Awe, Noting the Weird Parade of War Victims. The Painting Is Called "Gassed." Hundreds Walk Away From the Painting and Then Return, Drawn by Its Peculiar Fascination.

At times groups of school children, in charge of their teachers, come to the War Museum. When they enter the place they are in high spirits, as youngsters naturally are. But when they stop before the spacious panel that holds Mr. Sargent's "Gassed," the laughter goes out of their voices and their faces sober. A hush falls over them and they seem, for the first time, to understand what it would mean if their grown-up relatives and friends were called upon to fight in another war.

The sobering and thought-producing effect of the famous painting on adult visitors to the museum is as strong as with youngsters. Men and women have been known to stand motionless before the canvas for an hour as though held to the spot by some eerie fascination, and hundreds of people have returned again and again to the gallery in the museum to ponder the tragic spectacle — and the deeply moving lesson—of Mr. Sargent's pictorial report of the barbarous business of war.

Many times during the past few months British veterans of the World War have come to the museum and stood, serious-faced and silent, before "Gassed." More often than not they go away without saying anything—which is high tribute to the artist.

The Man Who Really Flies With Wings

THE most thrilling feature of an air meet recently staged in Miami was the daring earthward flight of Clem Sohn, whose courage and skill have earned him such nicknames as the "hawk-man" and the "human eagle."

In the strange-looking outfit he is shown wearing in the photograph below, Sohn climbed into the cockpit of a plane which soared in steep circles until it was some 10,000 feet above the crowd gathered at the flying field. At that height the plane was a small black silver and Sohn was lost to the sight of the spectators as he climbed out on the wing for as dangerous a stunt as a flier ever attempted.

The instant he leaped off into space—almost two miles above the earth—Sohn spread his fabric wings and the web of cloth fastened to his legs. He also released a container of flour strapped to his back. Instead of tumbling over and over as wingless parachute jumpers do, this daredevil scaled and swooped in a dizzying series of descending curves, which were made visible to those below by the trail of flour that streamed from his back. Sohn looked like a sky writer without benefit of plane.

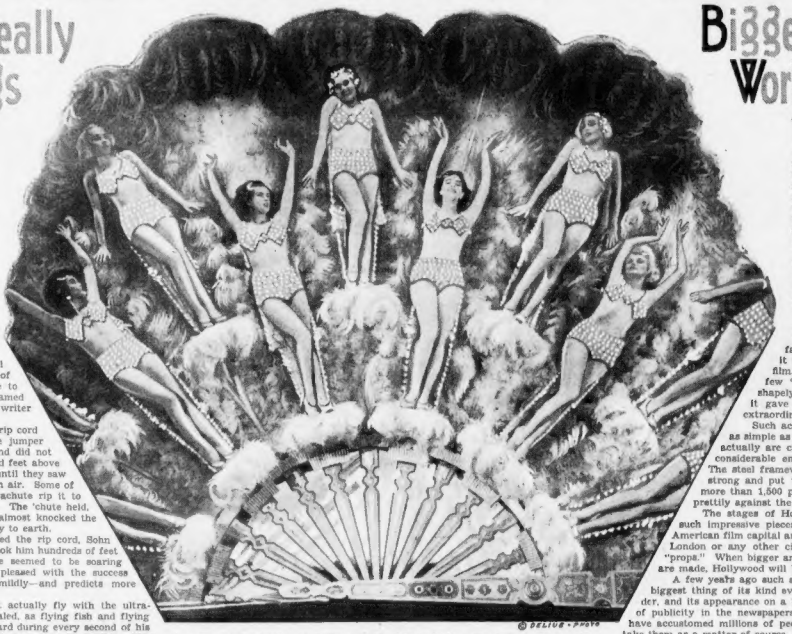
It called for a lot of nerve not to pull the rip cord and put an end to the experiment, but the jumper played hawk while he dropped 9,000 feet and did not open his 'chute until he was a mere thousand feet above the field. The spectators held their breath until they saw the big bag pour out of its pack and fill with air. Some of them expected to see the strain on the parachute rip it to pieces and send Sohn plunging to his death. The 'chute held, although the abrupt halting of the descent almost knocked the hawk-man unconscious, and he floated safely to earth.

For almost ten minutes, before he pulled the rip cord, Sohn scaled in downward spirals, some of which took him hundreds of feet out of a perpendicular path. At times he seemed to be soaring straight across the sky. He was greatly pleased with the success of the experiment—which is putting it mildly—and predicts more efficient man-made wings.

Sohn knows, of course, that he didn't actually fly with the ultra-modern outfit he wore for his stunt—he scaled, as flying fish and flying squirrels do, and gravity pulled him earthward during every second of his exciting journey. But he did retard his fall more than is possible with a parachute, and he did cut some wide and graceful circles. He knows, too, that without a parachute to lower him gently to earth he would have broken his neck.

INTERNATIONAL NEWS

Clem Sohn, Wearing His Bird Suit, Which He Recently Demonstrated in a Thrilling "Sail" From an Airplane Over Miami, Florida.



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In a Recent Production at Hollywood, the Movie Makers Created the Human Fan Shown Above. With Its Live Models as Parts of It, the Spectacle Is Claimed to Be the Largest Fan Ever Designed.

Biggest Fan in the World as Movie Set

THE Parisian maestros of stage extravaganzas pride themselves on the size and grandeur of some of the "props" against which they display bevies of eye-filling chorines. They are forever trying to outdo Broadway and, sometimes, they succeed. London, Vienna and Budapest mount their musical shows in a big way, too, but it is doubtful if the theatregoers in these cities ever saw the like of the fan—only part of which is reproduced in the photograph at the left.

The credit for this beautiful and gigantic piece of stage property does not go to Broadway but to the studios of Hollywood, where the powers-that-be spare neither time nor expense in their efforts to entertain and, of course, to make money.

They conceived the huge semi-circle of steel, wood, fabric and feathers as a "shot" in a movie musical show and, although the fan only appeared for a few fleeting seconds, it was one of the outstanding features of the film. The fan itself would have drawn very few "oohs and aahs" from audiences—but the shapely and comely show girls that were part of it gave it life and meaning and accentuated its extraordinary dimensions.

Such accessories, as they appear in a movie, seem as simple as they are sizable and spectacular. But they actually are complicated pieces of machinery calling for considerable engineering ability and skilful construction. The steel framework, actuated by motors, had to be light, strong and put together just right to work smoothly with more than 1,500 pounds of pulchritudinous femininity posing prettily against the background of feathery plumes.

The stages of Hollywood are especially equipped to handle such impressive pieces of mechanism, and the producers in the American film capital are not afraid of anything that Paris, Vienna, London or any other city may do in the way of ambitious show "props." When bigger and better fans, or anything else of this sort, are made, Hollywood will build them.

A few years ago such a device as the oversize fan—said to be the biggest thing of its kind ever built—would have been a nine-day wonder, and its appearance on a theatrical stage would have drawn columns of publicity in the newspapers and magazines. But nowadays the movies have accustomed millions of people to such Gargantuan "props" and they take them as a matter of course.

When the cameramen were through "shooting" the picture in which the fan was used, it was dismantled and tucked away in the cluttered studio storeroom.

At Last, A Bathtub In Which You Can't Skid

FOR a long time vaudeville funny men and writers of jokes have been getting laughs with their gags about mishaps in that symbol of progress and civilization, the bathtub. Most of these quips have been based on watery and undignified falls by bathers searching for elusive cakes of soap, and more than one modern jester has brought smiles to the faces of his fellow-men by suggesting that the makers of bathroom equipment devise and offer to a long-suffering public a bathtub of the non-skid variety.

Many a wise word is spoken in fun—and the anti-skid bathtub is now on the market. How eagerly or widely it will be adopted by American home owners remains to be seen, but the manufacturers of the device have reason to believe that they will have the cooperation of architects and builders in popularizing a tub with greater traction for slippery feet.

The non-skid "tread" is shown in the photograph at the right. It is made with a parallel series of wavy projections cast in the bottom of the tub. The lines do not stick up high enough to be uncomfortable to sensitive feet, but they are prominent enough to provide a great deal more grip than a smooth surface.

Anyone who looks upon the new tub as silly, or more of a publicity stunt than a serious and practical contribution to progress, has only to peruse the insurance company statistics for the past few years to discover that the bathroom is the locale for thousands of accidents every year, and that doctors treat hundreds of patients annually who, fishing around for the soap or feeling for the hot and cold water taps, fall down and bump themselves—sometimes fatally.

These figures are, of course, nothing for the average citizen to get worked up about. They do not mean that present-day bathroom equipment is downright dangerous and that the bathtub is something to be shunned like loaded shotguns and leaky boats. But they do tell a rather surprising story of mishaps in a place where they might be least expected. It is, for example, much safer to ride in a street car than it is to step into a bathtub. In the normal course of events a rider on a street car would suffer injury not oftener than once in twenty-five years. The same person, if the records are straight, can anticipate a bathtub accident once in ten years.

Not every misfortune in the bathroom is the result of a high glaze on the surface of the tub, nor would tubs of the non-skid kind make the Saturday night bath a 100 per cent safe undertaking. A great many bathroom accidents, and most of the fatal ones, occur because the careless bather touches an electric-light connection while still wet.

WIDE WORLD PHOTO

A Michigan Firm Recently Announced This Bathtub With a Ribbed Bottom to Prevent Skidding of Bathers. The Firm Hopes the Innovation Will Do Away With Some of the Hundreds of Bathtub Accidents Reported Annually.

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Heroic Rescue by the Keeper of 7-Foot-Knoll Light

Daring Exploit in the Heavy Gale Which Drove a Ship Onto the Shoals and Earned a Medal of Honor for the Keeper of the Light Who Saved the Lives of the Crew

The Light-Keeper's Son Tells of a Strange, Ghostly Clutch Which He Says Waked Him Out of His Sleep and Revealed the Peril of a Stranded Ship

Captain Thomas J. Steinhise, the Keeper of the Light, Who Risked His Life to Save the Crew of the Wrecked Tugboat, "Point Breeze."

It Was the Spirit of the Drowned Engineer of the Wrecked Tugboat "Point Breeze" That Waked the Light-Keeper's Assistant, Young Earl Steinhise Believes.

A Group of the Crew of the Tugboat "Point Breeze," Who Were Rescued After Their Vessel Struck on the Seven-Foot-Knoll Shoals.

Earl Steinhise, Assistant Light-Keeper and Son of Captain Steinhise, the Head Keeper.

Photograph of Seven-Foot-Knoll Lighthouse.

THE cold, clammy hand of the ghost of a drowned man waked the sleeping son of the keeper of the lighthouse of Seven-Foot-Knoll in the midst of the storm, Earl Steinhise, the assistant keeper, believes. And then, following what the young man feels sure was a ghostly warning, a heroic rescue of five sailors was made.

Seven-Foot-Knoll Light is a small beacon six miles from shore, and it was on that stormy night in August, two years ago, that Captain Thomas J. Steinhise, the keeper of the light, established a new record for heroism in the lighthouse service. The elder Steinhise, manning a twenty-one-foot open boat in a mountainous sea, succeeded in rescuing from the raging waters five sailors from a foundered tug, and the body of the drowned chief engineer.

And it was for this feat of heroism that Captain Steinhise was awarded a Government medal for unusual bravery, and received a citation from his chief, the Secretary of Commerce, the other day.

The job of tending the light at Seven-Foot Knoll is not the most enviable in the world. True, there is lots of quiet, for the lighthouse is planted in the Chesapeake Bay, six miles from the western shore and about thirty miles from Baltimore. There are no noisy neighbors with squawking radios, nor ear-splitting traffic.

There is nothing to see but water—plenty of it. But for a person cursed with a too-vivid imagination, or one of neurasthenic tendencies, tending the light at this dangerous shoal would be in the nature of a nightmare, particularly when the waters of the bay kicked up during a severe blow, which it frequently does.

Captain Steinhise, however, is not afflicted with a supersensitive nervous system. He is a sturdy specimen of a sea-dog—built like a square-rigged ship, carrying 200 pounds of bone and brawn. His face is tanned to the color of fine russet leather; around his eyes are networks of tiny sun wrinkles, the heritage of all men who spend most of their lives outdoors. And when one meets his level gaze, one instinctively feels that here indeed is a man to whom fear is absolutely foreign.

Captain Steinhise, but for the exception of a brief half-dozen years when he plied the trade of blacksmith in a Southern Maryland community, has been a deep-water man all his life. A native of the Eastern Sho' of Maryland, he could box the compass before he could write his own name. For years he sailed with the fishing fleet before he accepted the post of keeper of Seven-Foot-Knoll Light, in 1919. He is fifty-seven years old, and expects to "tend light" until the Government retires him at the age of sixty-five. Then he will retire to his three-story brick-row house in Baltimore with his six sons and four daughters.

Seven-Foot-Knoll Lighthouse is built upon nine stout steel poles. The floor of the beacon is about ten feet from the surface of the water at high tide. The light itself is a common oil lamp, similar to those in use in households a half century ago. Surrounding the oil lamp is a glass cylinder, about six inches thick, which magnifies the beam. A reflector projects the beam in all directions, and the light is visible to ships traversing the channel for a distance of eighteen miles, warning mariners of the treacherous shoals.

Inhabitants of the Atlantic coast, from Cape Cod to Cape Hatteras, will not forget in a hurry those three thrilling days in August, 1933, when the ninety-mile-an-hour hurricane swept the seaboard, causing millions of dollars' loss in property and lives. The storm began late Sunday night, August 20. By Monday night the wind had increased to a velocity of fifty miles an hour, and the tide was rising rapidly.

Captain Steinhise and his son trimmed the light for the night and prepared to weather the storm, which hourly grew more intense. About 11 o'clock the captain knocked the ashes from his pipe and rumbled:

"Better get some sleep, son. I'll keep watch."

Earl, accordingly, went to his bunk, and soon fell asleep, oblivious to the devilish shriek of the hurricane and the thunderous pounding of the sea on the pilings.

"I don't know how long I had been asleep," Earl related, "but I awoke with a start. It seemed that someone—or some THING—had laid a cold, clammy hand on my bare arm, which lay outside the covers. I can never tell you how startled I was. Imagine how surprised you would be if someone laid a dead fish on your arm when you were sound asleep. Then you would know how I felt.

"I didn't see anything—it was pitch dark. But I could feel there was something wrong—something uncanny—ghostly! Outside, the hurricane, which had grown in force since I went to sleep, was a howling gale. The lighthouse shivered and shook as the big combers crashed against the pilings. It was terrifying, I can tell you!"

Earl sat up in his bunk and listened. Was that a whistle feebly sounding above the howling wind? He strained his ears—every nerve taut, every muscle tense. Again that faint, hoarse blast—one, two, three, four distant shrieks in rapid succession.

"A distress signal!" shouted the young man, leaping for his oilskins and sou'wester. Opening the door which led to the tiny deck which runs around the lighthouse, Earl beheld a shadowy form clinging to the rail, peering into the blackness.

"What's up?" asked Earl breathlessly, as he recognized his father.

"There's a steamer of some kind in distress out there," Captain Steinhise roared above the wind. "She's tootin' her whistle—giving the distress signal—four sharp blasts. Hear 'em?"

"What are you going to do about it?" the son asked. The older man turned sharply and faced the youth.

"Do?" he shouted. "Why, I'm going out there and get those poor devils out of the mess they're in."

"But," expostulated the young man, "you'll never make it in this sea. That dinky boat we've got won't weather a blow like this. You'll never make it."

Captain Steinhise, without another word turned and lowered himself through the trapdoor in the floor of the lighthouse into the frail motor dory.

"I'll go with you, Pop?" shouted the youth. "You can't make it alone."

"No, son, you gotta stay here with the light. That's an order. I'm captain here."

According to the young man, the waves were about fifteen feet high at this time, and the tide was running like a millrace. The little boat bobbed crazily like a cork, threatening to dash itself to splinters against the pilings and carry the doughty captain to his death. Earl clung to the iron ladder which descended from the floor of the lighthouse and held a flashlight torch while his father was trying to get the boat under control.

The launch, which is used by the lighthouse crew for conveyance to and from the shore to their post, is equipped with a one-cylinder marine engine. Captain Steinhise tried again and again to start the engine, but his efforts were fruitless. A giant wave splashed its spray into the open boat, putting the engine out of commission.

"Pop, turn back! You can't make it!" shouted the youth, fearing for his father's safety.

Suddenly the boat shot from the young man's view, carried outward by the wind and tide—fortunately in the direction of the crippled vessel. As Captain Steinhise tells it, he never was closer to death in all the years he had followed the sea than he was at that moment.

With his engine "dead," the tide was swiftly carrying his frail craft out into the terrifying darkness. A single long oar was the only means he had for controlling the boat, a very difficult task in such a sea.

All around him, in the Stygian blackness, he could hear the agonized voices of the helpless sailors, struggling for life in the frothing water, and the heroic captain strained every muscle desperately to control his little craft sufficiently to reach the drowning men.

Looming up in the dark his eyes, stinging with salt spray, soon made out the distressed craft. It was the tug, Point Breeze, out of Baltimore that afternoon on a voyage to Gibson's Island to tow back a scow filled with mud from a dredging operation. Buffeted by the hurricane, the tug had foundered on the dangerous Seven-Foot-Knoll shoals, about 100 yards from the lighthouse, and in thirteen feet of water. It was listing badly to port.

As Captain Steinhise's boat was swept toward the damaged vessel, only the superstructure was visible. Clinging to the pilot house he could dimly discern several figures clutching to the iron stanchions for their lives.

Realizing the tug and its occupants were in no immediate danger, Steinhise devoted his efforts to picking up the men he had seen struggling in the water and whose heart-rending appeals for aid he had heard. One by one, guided only by the shouts of the sailors, he maneuvered his boat until he had picked up four men. Deciding to make another attempt to start the engine, he "turned it over" and—glory be!—there was a faint sput-sput! Another try, and the motor started.

Putting about for the lighthouse, he was about to attempt the dangerous return trip with the four rescued men when alongside the boat appeared the dead white face of a corpse, supported by a nearly exhausted swimmer.

The dead man was Percy Harrison, chief engineer of the ill-fated Point Breeze. He and five other members of the crew of fourteen sailors had leaped from the tug when she struck the shoal. They were afraid the vessel would sink completely and they would be sucked down to certain death.

J. Frank Stevens, a deckhand, after swimming about for some minutes, came upon the body of Harrison. Hoping there was a spark of life left, Stevens towed the body to the lighthouse tender's already overloaded boat.

Steinhise's fight to reach the lighthouse was even more heart-breaking than his efforts to pick up the drowning men, despite the fact that his engine had started. The tide and wind were both against him. And so it was nearly an hour before the little craft, greatly overloaded with its human cargo, at last reached the lighthouse and safety.

The rescued sailors were exhausted. They lay panting on the narrow deck, while Earl Steinhise dug up blankets and poured hot coffee down their throats. Captain Steinhise refused to rest.

"I've got to get those men off that tug," he said, with determination. However, just as he was about to try to reach the foundered vessel once more, the tug Sarah hove in sight and took off the remaining eight sailors, steaming up the channel to Baltimore. Later the Sarah returned and carried the men Captain Steinhise had rescued to the Maryland port.

It was more than two years later that Captain Steinhise was ordered to appear at the Baltimore headquarters of the United States Lighthouse Service.

When Captain Steinhise entered the Federal building, he was more puzzled than ever. Motion picture machines were grinding; photographers' flashlights were popping and a crowd of Commerce Department "big wigs" greeted him with wide smiles and outstretched hands.

"I don't understand all this," mumbled the old sea-dog. "What's it mean?"

"No trouble at all—it means that you're elected to receive the Commerce Department silver medal for exceptional heroism on the night of August 21, 1933," replied Mr. H. Almy, lighthouse engineer, at the Customs House.

Of course, Captain Steinhise was thrilled to receive the medal, and much pleased as he read the following citation, signed by Hon. Daniel C. Roper, Secretary of Commerce:

"Dear Mr. Steinhise:

"I have been very much impressed in reading a report relative to your action at 12:30 o'clock on the morning of August 21, 1933, in rescuing five men from the water when they went down with the tugboat, Point Breeze, in the vicinity of your station. I note that conditions were extremely hazardous and that when you set out in your launch to go to the men the seas were breaking over your boat and that the men were calling to you from all directions.

"It gives me sincere pleasure to commend you in the warmest terms for your heroic action under these hazardous conditions, and to have the matter made a part of your official history.

"Sincerely yours,
"Daniel C. Roper,
"Secretary of Commerce."

Young Earl Steinhise, of course, is proud of his father's exploit, but he cannot altogether agree with "Pop" that his sudden awakening that fateful night was not due to some psychic manifestation which he cannot explain.

"I felt that ghostly hand just as plain as could be," says Earl, with evident sincerity, "and I just knew something was the matter. I don't believe in spirits; but sometimes I wonder if it wasn't the ghost of that dead chief engineer who wanted to warn me that his pals were drowning nearby. Maybe the spook figured father never could make it alone in that launch and so it waked me up to go along too. It may be something to laugh off, but I can't quite do that."

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$50 a Day For a Room In The Tree-Top Jungle Hotel

Just in Case of a Savage Attack by Animals, There Is a Barbed Wire Entanglement Around the Veranda of the Curious Hostelry.

WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

A Patron Entering the Tree-top Hotel, Glad to Pay $50 for the Thrill of Surveying the Primitive Region, Observing Wild Life, and Yet Remaining Perfectly Safe.

View of the Jungle Hotel in the Heart of Wild Africa. It Has Two Double Bed-Sitting Rooms, a Bathroom and Electric Lights.

ABOUT half-way down the west coast of Africa in Kenya Colony is one of the smallest, strangest and most expensive hotels in the world. It is deep in the jungle, perched in the top of a tree and a room—with bath adjoining—costs the traveler $50 a day.

It might seem that this steep tariff for sleeping in a shack far removed from the nearest civilized town should be cause for official action, that the British governor of Kenya Colony should find out who owns the place and how he dares ask such a rate for a small room that has to be reached by climbing a rough wooden ladder.

But the governor already knows all about the jungle hotel. In fact, he has recommended it to many people, and every one of them has come away satisfied that he has received more than his money's worth. The establishment has one attraction that goes big with people with steady nerves and a flair for the unusual—the wild beasts that wander about its front yard. The management does not guarantee lions, elephants, pythons and other denizens of the jungle, but no one who has spent a day at the hotel has been disappointed. The brutes invariably cooperate with the management, it seems, to see that the guest is satisfied. A rough roadway has been hacked through the rank jungle growth to within about a mile of the old hostelry. The guest is bundled into a motor car and is accompanied by a small safari of native bearers and an armed guard to assure safe arrival and return. All this is included in the $50-a-day charge.

Arrived at the hotel the guest, or guests, climb up the ladder shown in the photograph above, and the precarious stairway is pulled up behind them. High up among the branches of a big tree they find a surprisingly comfortable layout—two double rooms that are combination bed and sitting rooms, a bath of a sort and, of all things, electric light, generated by a small portable power plant. Narrow porches, running around the structure, afford an excellent view of the jungle over a wide radius.

A short distance from the hotel is a salt lick where wild animals of many kinds come to satisfy their natural craving for this element. With the aid of powerful binoculars it is possible for guests at the tree-top inn to watch the whole thrilling and primitive show.

Because no shooting is permitted from the arboreal inn, the beasts of the jungle sometimes venture right into its "front yard" to stare curiously at the intruders.

Now and again a stealthy jungle cat will pounce upon a gazelle or a zebra in plain sight of the occupants of the African road house, or a trumpeting herd of elephants will send the salt-eating animals scurrying for cover.

After the jungle darkness falls, with the suddenness of a gigantic curtain being dropped from the sky, there are no more sights to be seen. But the show goes on "with sound," as the movie men say. Only a person who has spent a night in the jungle can imagine the effect of these sounds on the ear and the imagination. The darkness seems to pulsate with a strange life of its own and some of the noises that come out of it make the listener's heart beat faster.

Most of the time the jungle hotel is full and there's a waiting list for its expensive accommodations.

Protection for the Deaf Kitty

LONDON.

MOTORISTS driving through one of the suburbs of the British capital occasionally slow down, or stop, when they see, crossing the road, a snow-white cat with a blanket fastened to its back. As the photograph below shows, this is no ordinary blanket intended to keep the tabby warm. On each side of the blanket is the word "DEAF" in large and easily-read letters. It would be a careless and cold-blooded driver, indeed, who would run down this pet.

The cat belongs to a woman who, some years ago, had a valuable cat killed before her eyes. The cat had chased a falling leaf into the street and was crushed by the wheels of a truck. In this case the driver of the machine was not charged with negligence and disregard for life and limb, and the owner of the cat frankly admitted that her pet was entirely to blame.

About a year ago the same woman came into possession of a white cat which, like many members of its particular breed, is deaf. Several times the cat, denied the protection of hearing, was nearly killed by traffic and by dogs. So its owner conceived the idea of making a light-weight blanket for the animal which will inform the world that it is afflicted with deafness.

Of course the sign doesn't mean a thing to the dogs of the neighborhood and the cat sometimes has to get a flying start and travel fast for the nearest tree to save itself from a bad shaking up, or worse.

This picture, which was published in many British newspapers and magazines, inspired a lot of those letters to the editor. Some people, with no affection for domesticated felines, thought the idea was silly and were frank to say that people who own deaf cats should keep them in the house where no harm can befall them. Others, with warm spots in their hearts for tabbies and other pets, commended the London woman for her imagination and humaneness and thought that it would be a good idea to mark all deaf and blind cats and dogs in this manner to make life safer and pleasanter for them.

WIDE WORLD PHOTO

The White Cat, of a Species in Which Deafness Is Common, Wearing Its Sign as a Warning to London Motorists to Be Careful and Not Run Down the Animal.

WIDE WORLD PHOTO

The Devil Tattoo Which Sutherland MacDonald Worked on the Back of a Planter, Whose Life Was Saved by It When He Was Captured by a Savage Tribe.

Tattoo Monarch's Masterpiece

THE brawny arms of hundreds of British tars and tommies indelibly attest to the skill and imagination of 74-year-old Sutherland MacDonald, England's master at the art of tattooing, who still decorates the epidermis of patrons in his little shop on Jermyn Street, London.

In his time Mr. MacDonald has tattooed kings, princes and rajahs, but his masterpiece—shown in the photograph above—was pricked on the back of a South African planter by the name of Watson. This was, as the artist humorously put it, "a devil of a job that required a fortnight of exacting work." But the time and effort were well worthwhile, because, on one occasion, the demon saved Watson from being put to death by torture by warriors of the Matabele tribe.

Whether the planter had the devil put on his back against some such emergency is not a matter of record, but it is known that the superstitious savages were greatly impressed by the picture, and believed their captive, when he warned them that if any harm befell him at their hands the demon would fly off his back and make all kinds of trouble for them.

More than one tattooing expert has expressed the opinion that the winged and horned portrait is the finest bit of tattooing ever done by anyone anywhere. Every feather in the wings is done with infinite pains, and the serpentine texture of the tail could not be finer if it were done on some much smoother material than human skin.

Had Watson chosen he could have earned a handsome living by traveling about the world exhibiting the handiwork of Mr. MacDonald. But he was not at all interested in making a public spectacle of himself.

The figure was done in half a dozen colors, with red and blue predominating. It was so cleverly etched that the satanic character seemed to stand out like a colored bas-relief. When Watson moved the muscles of his back the effect was startling, for then the devil appeared to come to life.

Mr. MacDonald still does remarkable work, but he admits that he never will be able to surpass the Watson picture.

The Champ Sweet Potato?

IT may be that Mother Nature has, at times, produced sweet potatoes bigger than the one shown in the photograph below. If so, there seem to be no official records to prove that this vegetable, dug from the fertile soil of California's San Gabriel Valley, is not the champ.

The farmer who uprooted this potato from his garden could hardly believe his eyes when he unearthed the giant. He had been attending agricultural fairs for years and had raised some big potatoes himself, but never had he seen the likes of this member of the vegetable family, known to botanists as "Impomaea batatas." Carrying the monster in both hands, he hurried back to his farm and put it on the scales. The potato weighed even more than he thought it would—14 pounds and 3 ounces, and measured almost a foot in diameter. In circumference it was more than three feet.

The sweet potato, like the so-called and misnamed Irish potato—which probably had its origin in South America—is a tuberous root and an important crop in the Southern United States and in the countries of Central and South America. It is, as its name implies, rich in sugar and in starch. Usually the root is rather long and lumpy and it isn't often that the potatoes grow as nearly round as the one below.

The farmer who had the good fortune to grow this grand-daddy of sweet potatoes was anxious to find out whether anyone ever had even seen or heard of a bigger one. He talked with other farmers and made inquiries at various departments of agriculture and agricultural colleges. He was told of "sweets" of unusual bulk and weight that reached 10 pounds and of others that grew into freakish shapes. But nowhere did he come across a record of a potato that surpassed the one dug from his own acres.

The huge spud, freak of nature or not, is proudly pointed out by dwellers in the San Gabriel Valley as evidence of that section's exceptional fertility.

WIDE WORLD PHOTO

Miss Gwen Steel Displaying the Huge Sweet Potato Grown in California. It Weighs 14 Pounds, Three Ounces, and Is 11 Inches Wide.

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Don't Marry A Peppy Girl

Don't Fall in Love At First Sight

Girls Who Are "The Life of the Party" Usually Have Thyroid Trouble That Makes Them Fat and Lazy in Later Life---and Short Courtships Often Lead to Even Shorter Marriages

By Donald A. Laird, Ph.D., Sci.D.
Rivercrest Psychological Laboratory, Hamilton, N. Y.

FALLING in love at first sight, and marrying the peppy sort of girl who is "the life of the party" are both hazardous things to do if one looks for life-long married happiness. There are exceptions to this rule, to be sure, but usually these kinds of matches will be a little stormier than the less romantic kind of marriage.

Marriage for love is the unusual thing in the world. More than half of the world's matches are still craftily arranged by the parents, with the simple matter of love not being given any consideration. The United States is one of the few countries where the boy and girl themselves marry for what they think is love.

Napoleon, after he had divorced Josephine, arranged for his marriage to the innocent daughter of the Emperor of Austria. He had never seen the princess, who was a blood descendant of the ancient Caesars, but urgently arranged the match solely to strengthen his political alliances. The Little Corporal himself once said, "Princesses marry for love? Why, they are nothing but political merchandise!"

Yet when Napoleon went to the border to meet for the first time this princess whom he was to marry, he was deeply surprised. Contrary to his expectations, he was drawn to her at first sight, and immediately became so deeply engrossed with her that in a twinkling he changed the plans for the marriage and almost had the ceremony performed on the spot. He was so overwhelmed with love at first sight that he could hardly wait for the dignified state wedding ceremony.

More typical of royal marriages, with their cold-blooded lack of consideration of mutual love, however, was that of Marguerite of France and Navarre. She thoroughly hated the King of Navarre, afterwards king of France, and was married to him in spite of herself.

It is recorded that at her marriage ceremony she refused to answer "I do," and that her brother, Charles IX, who had engineered the match "for the good of the family," thereupon put his hand behind Marguerite's head and gave it a lusty push forward. The officiating clergymen, in front of the Cathedral of Notre-Dame, interpreted this nod to be her acquiescence.

Such a completely loveless marriage could be expected to be loaded with dynamite. And later the rumor spread that Marguerite of France had many secret pockets made in her court gowns, and that in each of these pockets she carried as a cherished souvenir the mummified heart of one of her lovers.

There are multitudes of records of such forced and loveless matches. We know more about these among royalty because historians have chronicled many details. But they have also been the rule among the great common people; the unhappiness is just as keen but the notoriety is less.

In America, where apparently love plays a larger part in getting married, we should anticipate more successful marriages. But the fact that our divorce rate has grown some 350 per cent in the last half century shows strongly that love matches have not helped marital happiness.

Falling in love at first sight, like marrying for love, has not helped the ship of wedlock, probably for the reason that people have not yet learned how to tell momentary fascination, however strong it may be, from real love and compatibility. Those who fall in love at first sight are actually merely becoming entranced, for the time being, by a total stranger. They fall for the name, the tilt of the nose, a little trick of talking, or some other minor detail, and the upsurging of emotion temporarily blinds them to other traits which they would find most annoying to live with.

Perhaps the greatest hazard in obeying that impulse when falling in love at first sight lies in the fact that such strong outbreaks of emotion suggest the person lacks the emotional control and self-poise which is needed to keep the ship of matrimony on an even keel for smooth sailing.

Mrs. Virginia Overshiner-Patterson-Stark - Seeger - Gilbert - Kahn - Cogswell, the "Georgia Peach," who recently divorced her seventh husband and intimated there might be an eighth soon, holds the all-time American record for love at quick thought, if not first sight. Fifi Widener - Leidy - Holden-Wichfeld, the Philadelphia heiress, was once considered "mercurial" because of her three husbands, but Fifi can't hold even a small birthday-cake candle to Virginia's record. Of heiresses like Janet Snowden, who at nineteen married the Italian Prince Caravita after a few hours acquaintance, and left him within four days, there have been quite a few in recent years.

Emotional instability is the paramount feature in making love at first sight a thrilling enemy of long continued zest from marriage. The main thing that makes marrying the peppy girl a hazard is also an inconstancy—but in this instance a lack of constancy in the ductless or endocrine glands.

The gland which is an asset in girlhood, but likely to prove a poor friend in mature womanhood, is the thyroid. Located in the neck, this gland regulates the speed of living and the emotions connected with love and marriage. The old Romans would cast off a wife if her neck did not enlarge slightly during the honeymoon.

The average peppy girl is made that way largely by her thyroid being a little more active than it should be. This slight hyperactivity of the gland gives a transparent complexion, luxuriant hair, glistening moist eyes, an attractive distribution of the body fat so the curves are most alluring. Witty, pleasant conversation, and general personal attractiveness are high when this gland is functioning a bit more than par for most people.

Cleopatra, as described by Plutarch, is a splendid illustration of the somewhat hyperthyroid woman. He wrote centuries ago:

"Her actual beauty, it is said, was not in itself so remarkable that none could be compared with her, or that no one could see her without being struck by it, but the contact of her presence, if you lived with her, was irresistible. The attraction of her person, joining with the charm of her conversation, and the character that attended all she said or did, was something bewitching. It was a pleasure merely to hear the sound of her voice, with which, like an instrument of many strings, she could pass from one language to another."

The pep and personality which Cleopatra received from the stimulation of her thyroid gland enslaved two Roman dictators. But when most women are in the prime of womanhood, Cleopatra began to fade, lost her power over the emperors of her enemies, and ingloriously committed suicide.

That is the way hyperthyroid persons are likely to fade. A few years of overwork by the gland, and then it seems to tire out; it slows down and the secretions which made every word or gesture vivacious and attractive begin to diminish.

That is how it happens that men who married a young woman because of her pep and vitality are often disappointed in a few years. The peppy partner they anticipated spending the rest of life with has gradually disappeared, and her place is slowly taken by a somewhat tired, pepless person whose legs lose the shapeliness once given them by the thyroid gland. In truth, they married one person, but find they are living with another after a few years.

Even if the peppy girl is not affected with gland trouble, she still is a bad matrimonial bet, because she is most likely to always seek something different—even if it is only a new husband.

The symptoms of thyroid activity have been described by Dr. Samuel W. Bandler as "irritability, gaiety without cause, hasty speech, rapid flow of thought, changes of mood, mistrustful, capricious, elated, depressed." Some of those traits make a woman superattractive, a peppy enigma the young men cannot resist. But the chances are that the thyroid will run down when it works above par for any length of time.

Catharine Hogarth, who became the bride of Charles Dickens, is another interesting illustration of marriage becoming shipwrecked because the thyroid runs down and the once peppy bride is replaced by a rather dull and sluggish person. Her thyroid had started to slow up in her late twenties, displacing her former grace and pep with a clumsy, lazy awkwardness. Dickens himself described her at this time of her life as follows:

"She falls into, or out of, every coach or boat we enter; scrapes the skin off her legs; brings great sores on her feet; chips large fragments out of her ankle bones; and makes herself blue with bruises."

For marriage to be successful, the man and woman should grow to be more and more alike, if they are not already alike at the start. Peppy girls are unfortunately predisposed by the very nature of the sources of their pep to change in the opposite direction. When this change comes the husband finds himself in the uncomfortably embarrassing position of, in essence, living with a stranger, just as those who fall in love on first sight and rush into marriage find that their ideal of a moment is shattered once they really get acquainted with her.

Contrast the vivacious, flirtatious Clara Ward, the Detroit heiress, who at 17, was married to the Prince of Chimay and Carman, of the nobility of Belgium. When 22, she was at Paillard's Restaurant, in Paris, and saw for the first time the gypsy violinist, Rigo, who played in the cafe. He played, it seemed, for her alone.

When Rigo left the restaurant that evening, a liveried footman approached, and led him to a waiting carriage in which was the American heiress, the Princess of Chimay and Carman. They eloped, and after an international honeymoon to consummate this powerful love at first sight she built him a marble palace on the Nile.

But, recall; those quickest to fall in love with one are apt to be quickest to fall in love with others. That is exactly what Clara Ward did, and the castle on the Nile was scarcely finished until she eloped again, this time with the station master. Her next elopement, on the sudden flush of love at first sight, was with a chauffeur.

Falling in love at first sight is often the sign not only of emotional instability, but also of hidden mental complexes which are a poor guide for action. The specter of justified jealousy is more likely to arise among those who tumble head over heels upon the slightest provocation. It is difficult for them to keep from tumbling on the slightest pretext, again and again.

Some imagine that love will conquer all, that it will remake crooks and flirts, that it will make one blind to loss of pep and enthusiasm. But science and history both shake their heads solemnly and say "No." As we are marrying for love, our divorce rate is climbing skyward. Many of the marriages arranged by parents may have been loveless at the start, but they did have good lasting powers. We might be wise to combine the best features of the two systems—to wait until we fall in love, but marry upon the advice of some more mature person whose judgment is not temporarily beclouded by the ecstasy of strong emotions.

Victims of Love at First Sight Generally Soar Above the Sordid Cares of This Hurried, Worried World, and Never Realize That Their Feet Are Dragging Until After They Have Become Man and Wife. From a Drawing by Charles Girod.

Fifi Widener, One of the Most Vivacious Society Matrons, Tried Three Marriages Before She Found a Mate to Suit Her.

Mrs. Virginia Overshiner-Patterson-Stark-Seeger-Gilbert-Kahn-Cogswell Holds a Record for Rapid-fire Romance, Having Recently Divorced Her Seventh Husband. The Nurse Is Handing Her a Divorce From Husband Number Five.

Janet Snowden, Pretty Heiress, Fell in Love at First Sight With an Italian Prince, Married Hastily, and Just as Hastily Left Him a Few Days Later.

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Freezing But They Prayed For Colder Weather

AN airplane flew out of Canada's northland recently bringing to Winnipeg two crippled victims of the North's ice and snow and freezing blasts. Stretched out, side by side, in the cabin plane, wrapped in elderdown sleeping bags were two strong, sturdy fur trappers, red-blooded Canadians who had resisted the Northland's fiercest attacks for more than a decade. When the plane landed, one of the two hobbled to the hangar, leaning on a cane, the other was carried on a stretcher.

Both had suffered during the previous two weeks untold agony and they brought back with them a tale of fear and pain and distress that shocked fireside adventurers who believe that modern civilization has loosened the rigors of the North.

On October 29, a month to the day before they were brought to Winnipeg on a northern pilot's mercy flight, Donald R. Lambert, Black River fur trader, and his companion, Arnold Lundberg, of Becomia, Manitoba, started out in their frail canoe from Birch Islands on Lake Winnipeg heading for Black Settlement, 20 miles away. The canoe trip, for them, was but an incident in the day's work and they expected to complete the 20-mile voyage long before nightfall.

Winter descends suddenly in northern Manitoba, however, and Lambert and Lundberg never reached their destination. Instead they spent seven full days, stranded on a rocky reef near the northern end of the inland ocean, without fire and furs and with only sufficient food for six meagre meals. Yet all the time, while they huddled together in an effort to keep warm, they prayed and prayed that it would get even colder. For bitter cold, while it might add to their discomfort, offered the only hope of safety. If the cold would drop down around zero the lake would freeze and they might walk ashore.

All the details of the harrowing seven days the two castaways spent on the rocky reef will probably never be told; even the memory is still painful to the two victims. But, in hospital at Norway House, bleak northern outpost, and in Winnipeg, the men did tell how one of them went delirious with pain and the other fought to keep from going into a coma as his feet, hands and face became frozen. Then finally came the desperate chance for safety that the castaways seized with but slight hope that they would ever return to civilization again.

At Norway House, while doctors strove to save the victims' feet from the necessity of amputation, Lambert re-

Lundberg Became Delirious With Pain. His Partner Kept Founding Him So That He Would Not Fall Asleep. Had He Dozed Off, Both Men Probably Would Have Frozen to Death.

cited slowly and painfully the main events of their battle for life. "On October 29," he said, "we started out from Birch Islands and headed southwards for Black Settlement, 20 miles away. We had a 20-foot canoe powered with a seven horse-power outboard motor.

"About 12 miles out, with a powerful east wind blowing, the propeller came off. We tried to use paddles, but against the wind it was hopeless. It carried us out into the middle of the lake.

"We had to quit trying to make shore and spent our time in keeping the little canoe from swamping in the heavy waves. We finally drifted near a rock about six feet in diameter and managed to get ashore. We pulled the canoe out, got our elderdowns and tried to keep warm. That night the wind changed. The canoe was blown away while we slept. Then our long vigil started while the mercury dropped and thin ice appeared on the lake. What little food we had lasted only one day.

"On the sixth day Lundberg's feet froze badly from sleeping in the elderdown on which the flying spray froze as it struck. After a while he went delirious with pain. I thought he was going to go into a coma, so I kept pounding him and shouting at him to keep him awake. If he had slept I guess I would have, too, and we would both have frozen to death. We were both weak from hunger and cold.

"I got exhausted and quit moving around on that little six-foot island and my feet froze that night. Next morning, the seventh day we were on the little rock, we found the lake frozen over."

But would the ice be strong enough to bear their weight? If it should crack under them and give away, sending them plunging into the water, they would surely be lost. As weak as they were, they would not have strength to pull themselves out of the water, and they had no tree limbs or anything else that would be of assistance to them in such an emergency. Should they risk it, or should they wait another night, until the ice had frozen deeper? Another night on that rock might be the end of them. Barely able to stand, they walked out a few steps on the ice, watching and listening. It was a tense moment for them—the test that was to decide whether they had a chance to escape. But they heard no tell-tale creaking and snapping, and nowhere did any cracks appear.

"We walked and crawled over about half an inch of ice for more than five and half hours to get to shore. Five days and kept on traveling," Lambert said. "We reached a house on November 6 where Ed Burke, a fisherman, looked after us until we got stronger. Then traveling conditions improved and he brought us to Norway House hospital."

For a week doctors in the northern settlement worked to save the feet of the trappers. Finally, in desperation, they sent word to Winnipeg asking for an airplane to take the two men out. Quickly the plane arrived on its mercy flight, a common task for Northland pilots and the injured trappers were taken to the Manitoba metropolis. There, under medical care, they rested, thankful to be alive after their harrowing experience.

The Hitch-Hiker Who Murdered All Who Gave Him A Lift

THE kind-hearted impulse which tempts an automobile driver to stop and take in a hitch-hiker may cost him his life. Gangsters, highwaymen and automobile thieves have taken advantage of amiable automobilists until the man, or, indeed, the woman who stands at the roadside and thumbs a signal is regarded with suspicion. In the State of Oklahoma has recently been uncovered the most vicious hitch-hiking scoundrel yet brought to the notice of the police.

He was Chester Comer, 23-year-old itinerant oil field worker, and he seems to have killed more for pleasure than for any profit he got out of it. No one knows how long he had been doing it, or how many automobile drivers he murdered, but the police are convinced that among his victims were at least nine persons who have mysteriously disappeared during the past year.

A farmer and his son had been missing for three days, and the last anyone had seen of them was when they picked up a hitch-hiker in their car. Then early one morning somebody telephoned the town marshal at Blanchard that a suspicious looking automobile was parked down the highway a few miles. A man was slouched over the steering wheel, either asleep or dead. The license number, as reported over the telephone, was that of the missing farmer's car. Officers in half a dozen counties were looking for that automobile, and Oscar Morgan, the Blanchard marshal, was going to be the first to get to it—if he could.

The Bandit Got in the First Shot. The Bullet Crashed Through the Windshield of the Stolen Car, Striking Morgan in the Left Arm. The Marshal Drew a Bead on the Blurred Face.

Without waiting to call anyone for help, he strapped on his holster, stuck a pistol in it, jumped into his automobile, and tore down the highway. As he bore down on the parked car, the man behind the wheel suddenly raised up and looked around. The next moment the stolen automobile shot forward, careening from the roadside into the center of the highway, with the marshal's car right behind it.

The chase lasted about three miles, but Morgan was the better driver. On a straightaway, he edged up until the two cars were abreast. Then he cut over, forcing the other driver toward an embankment. There was nothing for the bandit to do but crash head on, or stop—so he stopped. The marshal jammed on his brakes, and hardly waiting for his car to stop moving, he leaped out, snatching out his gun.

The bandit got in the first shot. The bullet crashed through the windshield of the stolen car, striking Morgan in the left arm.

"Aiming at my heart," the marshal thought, and he turned sideways, like a duelist, with his right shoulder forward. As deliberately as if about to drill a hole through a rusty tin can on a stump, he took a bead on the blurred face behind the shattered windshield and pulled the trigger.

The marshal's first shot struck the hitch-hiking bandit right between the eyes, but it did not stop him from shooting. Down from the seat he went, on his knees, and all Morgan could see was his right hand, holding his gun, and the top of his hat. For a man with a bullet in his head, his aim was mighty good at that. One bullet whistled so close to the marshal's ear he could almost feel it fan his cheek. Making several quick, broad leaps, Morgan shifted to the other side of the car and made a dash for the running board. He wanted to take his man alive, or else there was one question that might never be answered.

But the car door was locked. Quick as a flash, Morgan smashed his pistol muzzle against the window. Darting one arm past jagged points of glass, he seized the bandit's wrist, and wrested away his gun, just as the man in the car was squirming around in a crouched position, about to fire again.

In the murderous hitch-hiker's pockets were papers that identified him as Chester Comer, and also a card on which he had written:

"If I am killed in this car I have nothing to regret for I'd rather be dead than a public slave."

As soon as he was in a hospital, doctors saw that with a bullet in his brain, he could not live long. So officers crowded around, asking him questions. Had he killed L. A. Simpson, the farmer in whose car he was captured, and Simpson's 14-year-old son, who was in the car when Chester thumbed a ride? Yes, he had killed them. What about Ray Evans, a prominent lawyer of Shawnee, who had been missing for over a week, and whose automobile was found in a ditch, with nothing in it except a bloody sock?

"I killed him, too," Comer mumbled, and it was evident that consciousness was slipping away from him. The officers were frantic.

"Come on, come on," a detective pleaded, "tell us where you hid the bodies. Don't you understand, you're dying?"

Comer gasped for breath, and his eyes began to look glassy.

"Pipe line," he whispered, as the officers bent forward to catch his last words. They began to call off the names of missing Oklahomans who were missing. What about them? Had he killed them and hidden their bodies?

"Oh, piles of bodies," he murmured. That was all they could get out of him. Without regaining consciousness, he died soon afterwards.

Not long after his death, word came from Kansas City that the body of a young woman, found on a lonely roadside in Wyandotte County in the Fall of 1934 with five bullet holes in her head, had at last been identified as Elizabeth Childers Comer, the hitch-hiking murderer's first wife. If she had lived a few weeks longer, she would have become a mother.

The police are convinced that Comer killed her. They also believed that he killed his second wife, Lucile Stevens Comer, who had not been seen by relatives, or heard from, for several months.

Several weeks later the partially burned body of a young woman, found in a ditch along the road at Edmond, Oklahoma, was identified as the unfortunate second wife. She, too, had fallen victim to the mad killer.

Comer's last appearance at the Stevens farm was several days before his capture. He was driving the car of Evans, the lawyer he had killed, but his wife's family knew nothing about that murder, and believed him when he said he had bought the car. He was not in a talkative mood, so when he invited his 14-year-old sister-in-law, Elizabeth Stevens, to go riding, she accepted—hoping that during the drive he might tell her where Lucile was. But before she had time to get anything out of him, he wrecked the car in a ditch—and hailing a passing bus, he climbed in, leaving her to walk home.

Officers believe that his whispered words "pipe line," shortly before he lost consciousness, are a clue that will lead to the discovery of the bodies of other victims. Likewise, the officers believe if he had retained consciousness for a few minutes longer, they might be able to solve the mystery of what happened to Mr. and Mrs. George M. Lorius, of East St. Louis, Illinois, and Mr. and Mrs. Albert A. Heberer, of Duquoin, Illinois, who disappeared last Summer while on an automobile trip through New Mexico.

Baby Slowly Turning Into Stone

A BLACK-EYED, coy, plump little baby of eighteen months plays with a teddy-bear and rag-doll on the carpeted floors of the Wisconsin General Hospital, a State institution, on the State University grounds at Madison, Wisconsin, unaware of the fact that she is slowly turning into stone.

Meantime physicians are making a fight to combat this rare disease cognizant of the fact that they are probably waging a losing fight. It is not an unknown malady. Scientists have had it under observation for centuries, but it is not sufficiently common so that it has been observed generally. Only 100 cases recorded in medical literature, the child is one of the few to be attacked in infancy.

Like other diseases scientists have coined for it a name in Latin, descriptive of its insidious ways. It is called myositis ossificans. The cause of this disease is unknown, and because it is unknown, efforts to arrest its progress are medical guesswork.

Dolores is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Aloysius Breska, of Arcadia, Wisconsin. During the Summer of 1934 this child was born into a normal farm home of normal parents. There was nothing unusual about the appearance of the child. She cried and cooed as other children do. She grew strong and waxed fat until about a year old. Nothing unusual was observed by the parents, until the child started to walk and talk. The disease was first noticeable in the form of lumps on the head and back. Then it became apparent that the child did not toss its head in the same way as other children. The muscles seemed to be rigid.

A physician was consulted. Another was called into consultation. It was decided to move the girl to the Wisconsin General Hospital at Madison for observation by the medical faculty of the University of Wisconsin. Despite all that is being done, the disease has made the child's back and neck rigid. The muscles of the arm are tightening and there is an indication that this strangulation of circulation may be invading the legs.

While all the science of medicine has been summoned to the battle, the child plays on each day, with her doll and teddy oblivious to all that is being done in her behalf. She is not a fretful child. She has a pretty smile and enjoys the coddling of nurses and physicians. Dolores is able to sit up and seems more at ease on the floor beside her bed with her playthings scattered about. She is not dull nor is she indolent. Sometimes she will watch for a long time the antics of others. But she herself seems to move with deliberate precision.

Progress of the disease is so slow that it is impossible to notice its development except over a period of weeks. Dolores came to the hospital when sixteen months old. She has now been under the care of physicians for two months and little change has been noted. She is in no pain, but she cannot turn her head to either side or lift her hands above her shoulders.

"The disease of itself is not necessarily fatal," commented one of the physicians. "If we knew more of its origin we would know better how to treat it. By feeding and medicine we are attempting to arrest the deposit of calcium. Medically speaking the treatment attempts to change calcium metabolism."

It is a long drawn-out battle while the members of the medical staff examine the child each day. There is little change. Only time will tell whether they have been able to check the malady.

While physicians worry and wait and hope Dolores plays with her teddy and rag-doll.

Where Is The Holy Ark Of The Covenant?

IT HAS been asserted that the holy Ark of the Covenant, which the Israelites preserved and guarded with such care, is preserved somewhere in a hiding place of the mountains of Ethiopia. But Mr. A. F. Futterer, the California Bible student, who has spent many years in a search for the Ark, finds evidence that convinces him that the Ark is not in Ethiopia. Mr. Futterer feels sure that this religious symbol, held in such reverence by the old Israelites, is still in existence and he plans to make a further search for it, although not in Ethiopia.

In discussing the matter, Mr. Futterer pointed out that the Ark was the visible symbol of the ancient compact between Jehovah and Abraham when the Lord bade him leave the city of Ur, as the Bible relates, to found the Hebrew nation. By that compact, or covenant, the Lord promised Abraham and his descendants His protection as long as they worshipped Him. Since this Ark, in the shape of a square coffer overlaid with heavy beaten gold of wonderful workmanship, was supposed to have been built by Moses on specifications minutely furnished by Jehovah himself, it carried with it, as proof of its divine origin, a curse against all who touched it except those especially authorized by Jehovah.

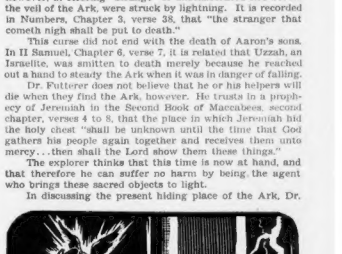
According to the Old Testament none but the ordained Kohathite priests of Levi's tribe were allowed to handle the Ark. Aaron, brother of Moses, was the first high priest to enter alone into the presence of the Ark. His two sons, however, in offering "strange" or unconsecrated fire before the veil of the Ark, were struck by lightning. It is recorded in Numbers, Chapter 3, verse 38, that "the stranger that cometh nigh shall be put to death."

This curse did not end with the death of Aaron's sons. In II Samuel, Chapter 6, verse 7, it is related that Uzzah, an Israelite, was smitten to death merely because he reached out a hand to steady the Ark when it was in danger of falling.

Dr. Futterer does not believe that he or his helpers will die when they find the Ark, however. He trusts in a prophecy of Jeremiah in the Second Book of Maccabees, second chapter, verses 4 to 8, that the place in which Jeremiah hid the holy chest "shall be unknown until the time that God gathers his people again together and receives them unto mercy...then shall the Lord show them these things."

The explorer thinks that this time is now at hand, and that therefore he can suffer no harm by being the agent who brings these sacred objects to light.

In discussing the present hiding place of the Ark, Dr.



Aaron's Two Sons, So the Biblical Tale Goes, Offered Unconsecrated Fire in Front of the Ark and Were Struck Down by Lightning. An Israelite Was Smitten When He Merely Reached Out His Hand Toward It.

Futterer maintains that it is certainly not in the possession of Haile Selassie, Lion of Judah, and Emperor of Ethiopia, because the Ethiopians were not among those authorized to handle the Ark and would, therefore, have been plagued to death by the presence of the holy coffer.

The Ethiopians claim that the Queen of Sheba stole the Ark from Solomon in 1008 B. C. Dr. Futterer points out that it was known to be in the possession of Josiah, the king of the Jews, some four hundred years later. The Bible says that he ordered the Levitical priests "to put the Holy Ark in the House which Solomon built."

While the Ark remained with the Israelites the miracles accomplished by it were marvelous. The Ammonites were defeated; defilers of the sanctuary in which the Ark rested were struck with leprosy and died; an Assyrian army of 185,000 men, which tried to capture Jerusalem, was completely annihilated by some unseen hand in the dead of night, while the Israelites slept.

Dr. Futterer believes that the prophet Jeremiah took the Ark from the temple in Jerusalem while Nebuchadnezzar was besieging the Holy City. He in some way managed to get it to Mt. Nebo which is about 25 miles outside the ancient city's walls.

He points out that in Aksum Cathedral, Aksum, Ethiopia, there is a sacred room in which is purported to be the true Ark of the Covenant and also the tablets on which were written the Ten Commandments. In refuting this statement the explorer notes that these vessels, in the Cathedral, have never been viewed by mortal eyes. When the Queen of Sheba stole them from Solomon, according to the Ethiopian story, she placed them in the Cathedral and had them surrounded by a mass of holy bees, which would sting to death any person striving to enter this holy of holies. Their invisibility suggests that they are not there.

The Ethiopians, however, are convinced that in their Cathedral they have the true Ark of the Covenant, just as it was built by Moses, and they believe that in it are the two stones on which are engraved the Ten Commandments. It is not often that visitors are allowed in the part of the temple where the Ark is supposed to be kept, but not long ago a special concession was made in favor of newspaper correspondents who had entered the city with the Italian Army.

After they had removed their shoes, in accordance with custom, they were led by the high priest to the entrance to a small room, which they were told was the holy of holies. They could not be permitted to enter this sanctified place, of course, but they were allowed to look through the doorway. As far as they could see, there was nothing there, and when they said so, the high priest replied that only a saintly person could see the Ark, which was invisible even to him.

In his Holy Land expeditions for which he has received special permission from the Department of Antiquities of the Government of Palestine, Dr. Futterer has come upon evidence, he says, which points to a certain cave upon the slopes of Mt. Nebo as the place where the Ark still is.

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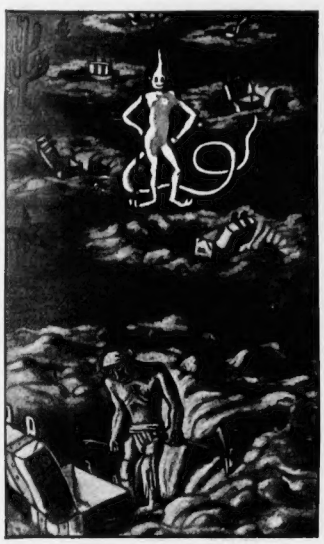
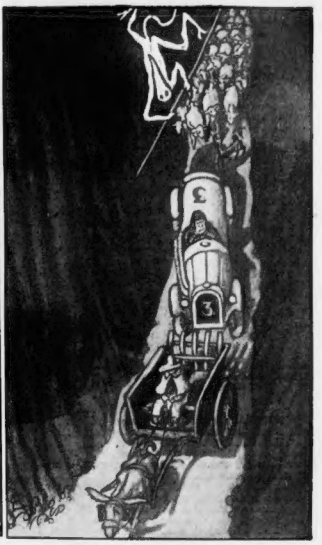
A Modern Dante and His Conception of Man's Inferno



The Chastisement of Eternal Delusion.

The Punishment of Eternal Unproductiveness.

The Chastisement of Eternal Anxiety.



The Punishment of Eternal Impatience.

FROM the earliest times man has worried a great deal about what was going to happen to him after he died. His religion taught him that he was likely to be well punished for the evil things he did during his life on this earth and would probably be rewarded for his good deeds in the life which awaited him beyond the grave.

Not so long ago, church people were taught that there was a Heaven for the good and a Hell for the bad and the old theologians enjoyed picturing the miseries, sufferings and inhuman torments of those condemned to an eternal Inferno after death. Dante, the great Italian poet and philosopher, wrote the outstanding classic dealing with these old-time conceptions of a literal Hell where people in the same human form they had worn in their life on earth were tormented and tortured forever and forever.

But man's crude religious conceptions have developed and softened with his other progress and increasing intelligence. Not many preachers nowadays would preach the "Hell-fire and damnation" sermons of one hundred years ago.

The great French artist, Gustave Dore, was inspired by Dante's classic and he made illustrations which will probably live as long as Dante's great epic poem lives. And now a modern imaginative French artist, Jean Bruller, has pictured his idea of the Inferno. Bruller takes quite a different view from the old Italian poet and believes that sin is expiated or forgiven through suffering here and now on this earth during man's own lifetime. This suffering does not take place in the regions below, as the old preachers declared and Dante wrote —M. Bruller's idea is that man pays as he goes during his lifetime on earth.

The Punishment of Eternal Cowardliness.

The Chastisement of the Eternal Grouch.

The Punishment of Eternal Boredom.

In a series of curious imaginative drawings the artist undertakes to show that man is being constantly punished by nature throughout his life. His theory is that man suffers through his own weakness and that human life becomes a "Hell" to many who cannot control their passions.

M. Bruller's drawings are intended to show that the sins of greed, lust and gluttony which Dante wrote of are not as terrible as the modern "sins" of delusion, anxiety, impatience, cowardice, bitterness, boredom and regret.

For the dominant note in his drawings the artist has chosen the fantastic and the terrible. The men he portrays are filled with definite but hopeless remorse. Their bewildered faces show the futility of their dreams. In his drawings Bruller has captured the thirst of the soul for the unobtainable and the final deadening of the senses by the overpowering hunger for the drug.

One of the most tragic in the series of illustrations is that which represents the hollow countenance of the eternal seeker of hidden treasure who is met with failure in the empty chests. He is, in other words, the dreamer, who like Micawber in Dickens' "David Copperfield" is always waiting for "something to turn up." In the drawing, rows of empty chests symbolize the empty dreams which dot the barren landscape of his life. Behind the wretched figure stands Minos, Judge of Hell and the Infernal Regions below the earth.

Minos appears in all of M. Bruller's drawings. The artist has used this sinister figure to symbolize the fact that all those who have sinned must be judged and punished by suffering and torment before their crimes can be forgiven.

The bent, misshapen form of Minos is seen again perched on top of a bookcase in the next drawing. He is watching the torment of a man who cannot quite grasp the thought which he intends to express. The books surrounding him contain, symbolically, the knowledge of mankind, yet from out of their numbers he is unable to find or create a single thought which he can call his own, or which he could express in his own way. His dilemma is similar to that which Robert Burton, the 17th century writer, refers to in his Anatomy of Melancholy. Burton says after he has gathered all knowledge to his mind: "All mine, nothing mine." This consciousness of mental sterility accounts for the title of this drawing: "The Punishment of Eternal Unproductiveness."

A very effective drawing is the one which shows the murderer in mortal terror for fear of being discovered. He gazes with dread at the door which he expects to see swing open at any moment. The artist says that the crime is small in comparison to the suffering which the criminal undergoes in the fear of being discovered. He is damned forever after, Bruller says, to endure the pain of a guilty conscience.

In another drawing the impatient driver of a racing car is caught on a narrow roadway between a slow-moving cart in front, and a herd of sheep behind. High walls guard either side. Unable to escape, his fidgety nature loses control of itself and weakens with rebellious rage. The sheep and the donkey-cart symbolize the contentment which self-control brings about.

Another drawing called "The Punishment of Eternal Cowardice" shows the same lack of self-control. The cringing coward has crept between the covers of his bed while his wife is fighting off a robber whom she discovered in the act of stealing the moneybags from the safe.

Two other drawings show first the grouch and then the man who is bored with life. The grouch is sulking in the corner of a railway car wishing he could be doing anything else than what he is doing. But he is doomed by the ever-present Minos to be prey to his own irritations. In the drawing the man who is bored by life, surveys a cold Winter scene from the security of his luxurious home.

In one of his pictures M. Bruller shows Minos watching the interior of an unhappy home. The faces of the couple are lined with discontent and regret. The futility of their life is written upon their features. The husband's pipe and the wife's knitting are symbols of the passing hours which in the end will set one or the other of the couple free.

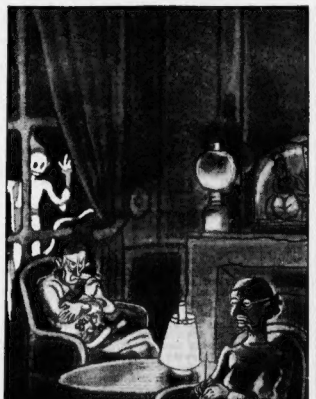
In the painting, "The Punishment of Eternal Pursuit," is a man, the artist tells us, who searches constantly for something which is close by. He will never find it because his mental perception is too narrow.

In all the drawings the artist has made his point clear. Man, he believes, is not strong enough to control his own emotions. He is swept away by the infernal whirlpool of his passions. The only way to be saved is through self-control. If man is not strong enough to exercise that, then he creates his own "Hell" and dooms himself to suffer in it.

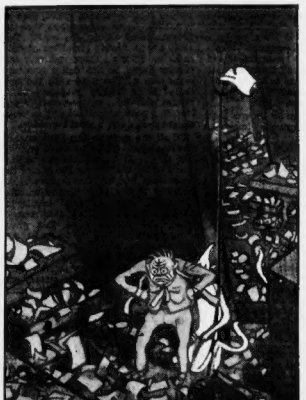
The artist has interpreted the meaning of "The Inferno" in a symbolical way. To help Dante win repentance, so the story goes, the spirit of the poet Virgil—representing the intellect of self-control—appears and guides him through the lower regions of the next world. At this point the artist Bruller substitutes this world for the next since man's knowledge of what is beyond, he feels, comes only from the fear of it. Dante is taken across the River of Death—typifying the unknown—while he is asleep, by the grim "Ferryman of Lost Souls"—signifying superstitious fear or belief. He awakens at the brink of Hell, the victim of his own weakness. Here he is obliged to pass through a gate above which is cut the terrible inscription:

"Through me you pass into the city of woe.
All hope abandon ye who enter here."

The "city of woe," Bruller believes, is the "Hell" man creates for himself. Once there he must abandon all hope until that time when his suffering through punishment will wash away the sins of his own weakness.



The Punishment of Eternal Regrets.



The Chastisement of Eternal Searching.

(From Drawings by the Imaginative French Artist, M. Jean Bruller.)

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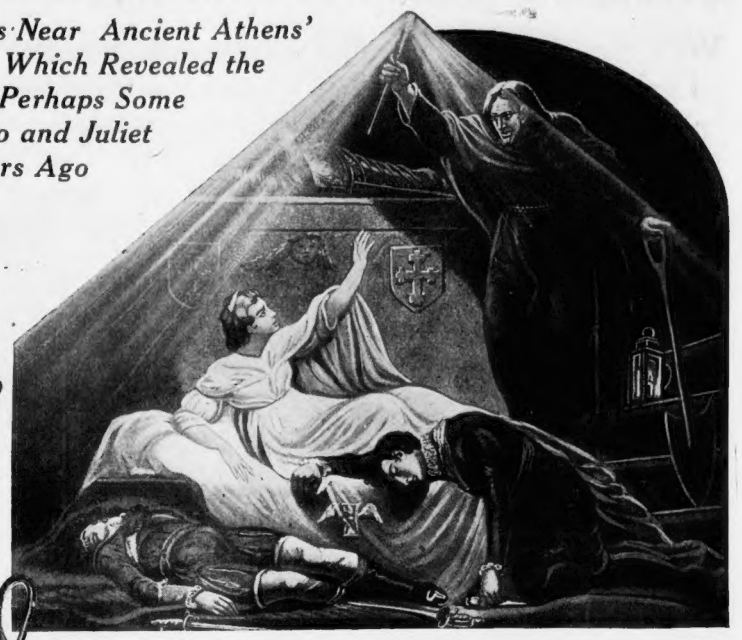
Mystery of the Extra Skeleton in the Greek Girl's Grave

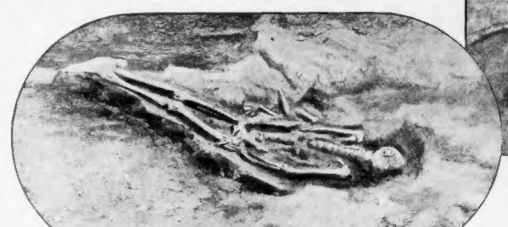
Strange Discovery of Archeologists Near Ancient Athens' Old Market-Place Which Revealed the Love Tragedy of Perhaps Some Unknown Romeo and Juliet 3,000 Years Ago

Curious Blue Glass Pendant, Which May Have Been a Likeness of the Girl in the Grave.

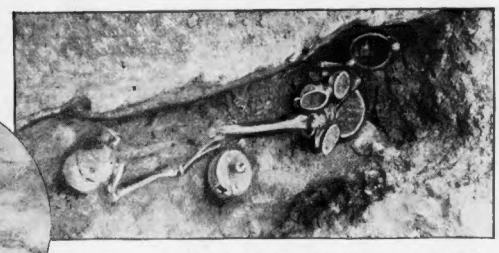
Three of the Seven Vessels Which Had Contained the Girl's Cosmetics and Which Had Been Buried With Her.



Romeo and His Rival, Paris, Die Beside Juliet—Whom Romeo Thinks Dead—in the Burial Vault of the Capulets. From an Old Engraving. And It Is Suggested That the Skeleton of the Man With the Dagger Between His Ribs, Found in the Grave of the Ancient Greek Girl, May Be Evidence of a Similar Death.



The Skeleton of the Man With the Iron Dagger Transfixing Him, Found in the Greek Grave Over the Body of the Girl.



The Skeleton of the Girl, Pathetically Surrounded With the Vessels That Held Her Beauty Aids, Unearthed a Foot Beneath the Skeleton With the Dagger.

AMERICAN archeologists who have been excavating the site of the Athenian Agora, the market-place and amusement centre of ancient Athens, stumbled recently upon a tragic mystery of 3,000 years ago.

In a small cemetery containing about twenty graves, perhaps a private burial ground, they found the carefully buried remains of a girl who could have been little over eighteen. Over her bones was a thin layer of earth and, resting on that, was the skeleton of a man with the blade of an iron dagger thrust between the rib bones of his left side.

He had met death suddenly and violently—the dagger was proof of that. There were no signs of formal burial, so it is probable that he died on the spot, standing in or beside the still unfilled grave. Or had he been killed somewhere else and been carried to the grave and thrown into it?

But why had he died? Had he killed himself for love of the dead girl? Had he been some unknown and unsung Romeo unable to bear separation from his ancient Grecian Juliet? Or had he been killed by her family to avenge some injury?

If murdered, then why had he been cast in the grave? If a suicide, why had he been allowed to remain there?

The girl had evidently been of well-to-do family. In the grave, pathetic reminder of life's vanity, were seven vessels which had held her beauty aids, cosmetics and perfumes. These were all exquisite examples of the ceramic art of the time. There was also found nearby a curiously cut pendant, or small mask of blue glass, perhaps Phoenician. It might have been her own portrait.

In Shakespeare's play of thwarted love, "Romeo and Juliet," there is a scene which, with a few minor changes, might have been designed to fit this Athenian tragedy. The threads of the story are brought to the point where in the last act they meet and intertwine. The scene is in the burial vault of the Capulets, beside Juliet's bier. In order to avoid a forced marriage with Count Paris, whom she does not love, she has taken a sleeping potion which has the property of making the drinker appear dead.

Juliet's sorrowing parents escort what they believe to be their daughter's corpse to the tomb, unaware that she hopes to escape from there to the arms of her beloved, Romeo. But Juliet's message describing her plans has gone astray and, as a result, her death seems as real to her lover as to her mother and father.

So Romeo, intending to look once more on her face and then kill himself, pays a midnight visit to the vault. There he encounters Paris, likewise feeding his sorrow for Juliet's supposed death. The rivals fight. Paris is slain, and then Romeo kills himself. The tragic circle is completed when Juliet wakes, discovers the bodies of her suitors and puts an end to her own life.

Another Shakespearean scene which has similarities to this mystery of the Greek grave is that famous one from Hamlet in which the young Prince of Denmark and Laertes seek to outdo each other in expressions of emotion at the burial of Ophelia, who, in life, had been Laertes' sister and Hamlet's sweetheart. First Laertes leaps into the grave and then Hamlet. And Laertes, knowing him to be Hamlet—who had inadvertently stabbed Laertes' father, a tragedy which in turn had led to the death of Ophelia—"grappled him by the throat as an enemy," says Lamb in "Tales From Shakespeare," "till the attendants parted them; and Hamlet, after the funeral, excused his hasty act in throwing himself into the grave as if to brave Laertes; but he said he could not bear that any one should seem to outdo him in grief for the death of the fair Ophelia."

Some such scenes as tempestuous as these may have occurred at the burial of the Athenian woman whose grave has just been opened. But there was no Shakespeare on hand then or later to immortalize it. The passion—whatever it may have been—spent itself and was forgotten. Today, all that remains is a jumble of bones and a brief paragraph describing them in "The American Journal of Archaeology."

This paragraph makes an interesting contrast with Shakespeare's inspired verse.

"One burial was unique in the series," it begins cautiously. "In a cutting of the bedrock, a skeleton of a man was uncovered. It was outstretched in a direction from northwest to southeast with the head at the west end. Vases were not found with this man but under his left arm was an iron dagger. The bones were carefully removed and directly beneath the thin layer of earth below them were seven vases lying on the skeleton of a woman which was placed in the opposite direction from that of the man. The vases have the hard smooth surface of the late Attic Geometric ware and are decorated with a great variety of designs. The shapes include a pyxis, a kantharos, an oenochoe, and several bowls."

Which, whatever else might be said about it, certainly shows admirable restraint. A pyxis, a kantharos an oenochoe, and several bowls are, after all, a good deal safer to deal with than violent passion and sudden death.

"Pots," the archeologist's collective name for all types of excavated bowls, vases, urns, etc., were nearly always buried with the deceased, both in Athens and in other early communities. Just as today many a rich man carries his splendor to the grave in the form of an expensive monument, so in ancient times the number of pots and other ornaments buried with the dead was an indication of rank and substance. One Athenian grave, that of a woman, contained no less than 22 pots scattered among the bones. Toy vases and jars were found buried with children. In fact, there was only one regular grave in the entire cemetery—the case of the man with the iron dagger being highly irregular—which did not contain a single vessel of any kind. The poor inhabitant of this grave did not own even a cooking vessel.

Of all the graves the most ancient was one which could be dated prior to 3000 B. C. It represents the earliest record of habitation on the site of the Agora that has so far appeared. As there has been a good deal of speculation afield what type of people inhabited the district at that remote period, the contents of this grave should prove interesting to students of history. The exhumed bones have been transferred for study to the Museum of Natural History in New York.

The excavation of the cemetery was the outstanding feature of the fifth consecutive year of work on the Athenian Agora, or market-place. This undertaking, which is being carried on by the American School of Classical Studies at Athens, with the co-operation of the Greek Archaeological Society, really started as far back as 1924, but seven years of exhaustive preparation were required before the actual digging began.

The project is in the hands of Americans working under the direction of a committee of eight whose chairman is Professor Edward Capps, of Princeton University, Minister to Greece under President Wilson. Professor T. Leslie Shear of Princeton, the distinguished excavator of Corinth, is in charge of the actual excavating and of the study and interpretation of finds.

Summarizing the work so far, Professor Shear finds that there have been not only dug up but also duly catalogued the following numbers of objects in the following categories: bronzes, 259; inscriptions, 3058; lamps, 1921; pottery, 6208; sculpture, 599; stamped vase handles, 4648; terra cottas, 940; coins, 41,290. In addition to which there has been the enormous work of discovering, laying bare, and identifying the ruins of many ancient buildings the majority of which had not seen the light since their demolition in the early centuries of the Christian era. In plain words, the job in which Professor Shear and his colleagues are quietly succeeding is the most important of its kind attempted in modern times.

Interesting Portrait Bust of a Roman Inhabitant of Athens Found Near the Graves.

Other interesting finds made during the season were:

The ruins and tentative identification of one of the ancient Athenian music halls, known as the Odgion of Agrippa. Here were held concerts and at a later date performances similar to modern vaudeville.

The curious blue glass pendant on which is carved the head of a girl wearing a heavy wig and which has been previously referred to. It has an enigmatic appearance and is apparently unique.

An extraordinarily well-preserved portrait bust of one of the later Roman inhabitants of Athens. The head is modern in appearance and forceful of expression. Here was a man who could drive a hard bargain and would not have been out of place in modern Wall Street.

A plaque which once decorated the outside of the Library of Trajan. Its message is as up-to-date as the appearance of the successful Roman business man. It advised all and sundry that: "No book shall be taken out, since we have sworn it. The library will be open from the 1st hour till the 6th." Such a notice would not look out of place on the wall of an American library.

And finally, an ostrakon, which in some ways is the most interesting piece of all.

An ostrakon was a piece of pottery on which it was the custom of an Athenian citizen to write the name of some other citizen whom he would like to see ejected from the state. This ceremony, a general one in which all citizens participated, was called ostracism. It was described by Plutarch, the great Greek historian and biographer.

"Every citizen," he says, "took a piece of a broken pot, or a shell, on which he wrote the name of the person he wished to have banished, and carried it to a part of the market-place that was inclosed with wooden rails. The magistrate then counted the number of the shells, and if it amounted not to six thousand, the ostracism stood for nothing; if it did, they sorted the shells, and the person whose name was found on the greatest number was declared an exile for ten years, but with permission to enjoy his estate."

Ostracism was usually directed against persons who had grown so powerful that it was feared they might try to become tyrants or dictators. It was this fear, plus an admixture of envy, which brought about the ostracism of Aristides, an Athenian general of the 5th century B. C., who, because of his virtues, had earlier been given the name of "the Just." In the course of the ceremony there occurred an incident which has become one of the best known in all history.

"While the people were inscribing the names on the shells," Plutarch says, "it is reported that an illiterate burgher came to Aristides, whom he took for some ordinary person, and giving him his shell, desired him to write 'Aristides' upon it. He who was called 'The Just,' surprised at the adventure, asked the man whether Aristides had ever injured him. 'No,' said he, 'nor do I even know him; but it vexes me to hear him everywhere called "The Just."' Aristides made no answer, but took the shell, and having written his own name upon it, returned it. He was banished for ten years."

Dr. Shear and his colleagues have recovered 77 ostraka with the names of prominent Athenians scratched upon them. Some bear the name of Aristides and of these there is one in particular, found this past year, which the archeologists treasure. They do so because it looks very much as though this ostrakon were the one which Aristides so obligingly filled in for the illiterate burgher. At the top it bears the name, "Aristides." Directly beneath are the first letters of the name of Aristides' father, Lysimachus, with scratch marks through them. And below, in an entirely different hand, is the name of the deme, or township, to which Aristides belonged.

Aristides was a common first name in Athens, similar to what today would be called a Christian name, such as Henry or James or John. Naturally, in order to show which Aristides was meant, further identification was necessary. This, the author of the ostraken had attempted to give but his spelling was not up to it. He tried to write Lysimachus, failed, and sought the assistance of someone else. Was the man, who came to his aid and whose clearcut, decisive handwriting appears at the bottom of the ostrakon, Aristides himself?

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Mr. Ringling's Own 3-Ring Domestic Circus

Wife No. 2 Gave Him More Pulse-Quickening Thrills in His Florida Palace Than Any Under the "Big Top," He Complains in His Divorce Suit---But She Replies She Was Always a Lady and Loaned Him Money Besides

The Ringling Museum at Sarasota, Florida, Which, With Its Contents, Is Worth About $30,000,000, and Which the Former Circus King Gave to a College Four Years Ago.

The Ringling Home at Sarasota, Florida, Which Was One of the Show Places of the State, but Whose Gardens Are Now Overgrown With Weeds.

"HEY, RUBE! Hey, Rube!" cried, in effect, aging John Ringling, last of the seven great Ringling Brothers, the other day at Sarasota, Florida.

It was the old battle and rescue cry of the circus which never fails to make the boys of the circus, clown, lion-tamer, acrobat, canvas man, strong man, "spieler," freak and everybody pick up the nearest weapon and drive off the enemy.

This time the "enemy" was only one woman, the second wife of the last of the celebrated seven, and the battleground was the Florida divorce courts. There the man, who recently was the "King of the Tanbark," with 5,000 employes and worth a hundred million dollars, hopes to make the present Mrs. Ringling stop the continuous "three-ring circus" he says she has been running in his home since he married her five years ago. The only boys who came to the rescue were his lawyers.

John Ringling has spent most of his seventy-one years under the big tent, where hair-raising thrills are staged to make the spectators gasp. Of course he smiled at these. But other things happen that are not on the bill. Floods, fires and earthquakes threaten ruin; aerialists fall to death and wild animals get loose. On one day in the middle of the 1924 season, thirty-nine of his best performers collapsed with typhoid; on another a mother sued the circus for $100,000 for "making slaves" of her two boys who had run away with the circus the previous year.

Some first-class calamity like those could be expected in any town. Early in the depression much of his huge and painfully-accumulated fortune evaporated, but none of these things upset the circus veteran's iron nerve.

Yet the private domestic circus put on by his wife is literally killing him, according to himself, his doctors and nurses. So he wants the lady to bow herself out, fold up her tent and go away, never to play a return date.

He told the Court that in his many years with the circus he had heard "all kinds of profanity," but that his wife could give circus-man or sailor "high, low, Jack and game," and then beat him when it came to hurling "cuss-words" of vibrant and strong character.

But Mrs. Ringling testified at least twenty times that she never swore at her aging husband. Also, that in addition to $50,000 which he obtained from her three days before their marriage, she had advanced other sums and had paid the household bills. Also that Mr. Ringling never bought her anything, not even a wedding ring or engagement ring. She had even had to use her ring from a former marriage when they were married, she said. And she brought a dozen witnesses to testify that she had always been a lady, so far as Mr. Ringling is concerned.

Ex-Circus King Ringling With One of His Police Dogs on What Was His Almost Royal Florida Estate.

From Mr. Ringling's description of things, Mrs. Ringling, who says she is thirty-nine years old, would seem to be something between a steam calliope and a tigress at large. Anybody who travels with a circus knows he may look up from his work some day and into the cold green eyes of an escaped tiger, but he knows how to frighten it away with anything he can get his hands on.

Mr. Ringling, just sitting up after an apoplectic stroke and still partly paralyzed, related to the interested court how, on one occasion, he kept his wife at bay with a crutch. He said:

"She came into my room and began to fight. I took the crutch and said, 'I'll kill you before you kill me.' She raved for three-quarters of an hour. I was in a very weakened condition at the time."

Mrs. Ringling is a small woman—he is a large man who has spent his life among thousands of performers, vigorous men and women, loud, rough, boisterous and profane, supposedly. Profanity might be expected to bounce off his hardened ears like water from a duck's back.

But it did not, because circus performers are not loud, boisterous or profane. They are soft-spoken, almost uncannily quiet, and as far as profanity goes, any man or woman who swears more than to let slip an occasional small damn, has always been fired from a Ringling circus.

This does not mean that the family was especially pious. It is much the same in any well-regulated circus for the same reason that people are expected not to utter explosive remarks when a golf player is making a shot in a tournament. If a golfer's attention is distracted he may miss his shot, lose that hole, and perhaps the tournament. But if a circus performer misses, he may lose his life. So an oath or foul word shocks the circus veteran like the hiss of an escaped snake or that cry of "Hey, Rube!" or "Mile up!" meaning that strangers are attacking the circus folk.

It was easy to fire a profane performer, even if he was the star who did the triple somersault from a springboard over three elephants. A telephone call would get him another just as good—but to fire a wife, for any reason, requires the sanction of the court.

The marriage was ushered in with various ill omens. His first wife, with whom he had lived happily for thirty years, had died eighteen months before.

It was when married to her that he had built their real palace at Sarasota, Florida, and also the great Museum of Art which four years ago he turned over to Southern College, in connection with its School of Fine and Applied Arts, which he had founded. To build the museum and to fill it cost more than $25,000,000.

Such a wife as his first one, Mabel Ringling, probably was impossible to replace in this wild era and it was pathetic that he tried to fill the aching void she left. Another sign of storms was the difference in the ages of Ringling and his second wife, but perhaps worst of all was that a day or two before the ceremony, the bride lent the groom $50,000. Money going like that in the wrong direction is an unnatural phenomenon, like water running uphill.

The fact that Emily was so much further from the grave in years put a horrid suspicion in John's mind which made Emily mad but not quite profane. Frank J. Hennessy, one of the guests at the wedding which was performed by Mayor Hague of Jersey City testified that the charming bride came over and said:

"Cripes! John wants me to waive my dower rights! What does he think I am marrying him for, his money?"

Of course that was furthest from her mind but she couldn't have opposed that waiver any more vigorously if it had been the main idea. However, when John refused to go through with it otherwise, she signed and the Mayor tied the knot.

Mr. Ringling really should not have left that paper lying around on a desk any more than he should leave the door of a tiger's cage open. On the way down in the elevator Ringling noticed a peculiar smile on his bride's face as she tore a small piece of paper into bits.

"My darling, what is that?" he inquired and the new Mrs. Ringling replied:

"John, you mustn't be cross, but I changed my mind about the dower rights and so I tore my signature off the paper."

Finally they went to court in New York over that and the $50,000 loan. Mrs. Ringling said that she had been bluffed, threatened and advantage taken of her inexperience when she signed the waiver. The note for the loan was not due until 1937 but she wanted it right then, with interest, for fear that by the time it fell due inflation would have arrived and her $50,000 would not have purchasing value enough to buy a gallon of gasoline. Justice Peter Schmuck ruled against her, pointing out that having been previously married and divorced, she was too sophisticated to have much put over on her.

It was after this court setback that

Mrs. Ringling No. 2 on Her Way to the Courthouse.

Mr. John Ringling With Mrs. Ringling No. 1, a Couple of Years Before She Died.

Mr. Ringling and his witnesses say the domestic circus got real lively. His nephew, John North, described one of the performances after the doctors had cautioned the wife that any excitement might prove fatal to her sick and elderly husband. He testified:

"I was there and she started an argument about those dower rights to his fortune. She began to make a scene and the nurse told her to get out. So Mrs. Ringling picked up some pillows and threw them at the nurse and also some telephone books.

"The nurse started after Mrs. Ringling and was going to let her have it, so I stepped between them and stopped it. Then I went to my uncle's bed and said:

"'Uncle John, don't get excited.' And he said, 'Oh, she's just having one of her fits.'"

As a King is customarily addressed, "Your Majesty" and a Judge, "Your Honor," it was told that Mrs. Ringling used to burst into the sick room and begin a speech to her husband, with the words, "You old fool," as if it were a title.

A nurse testified that in one of these scenes, Mr. Ringling's pulse rose from 76 to 104. At another his wife is alleged to have cursed because he would not take her out to dinner, she was not in such good form and only drove it from 68 to 82. Once when the nurse remonstrated that her patient must not be excited, she alleges that Mrs. Ringling replied:

"What difference does it make? He's just an old fool."

Yet the home circus was not all one-sided. Lion and tiger trainers beat their ferocious pets into submission by cracking over their heads a silly little whip which the mighty animals could brush aside in an instant. In much the same way, Mrs. Ringling says that every little while Mr. Ringling would cow her into terrified submission by holding over her head like a whip the threat of divorce.

Since she had waived her dower, evidently she hated the man, and by divorce would get her freedom and anything that might be coming to her in the way of alimony, hence it was hard for Mr. Ringling's friends to understand how such an empty threat could bring her cringing to her knees. But then the mighty tiger trembles at a little tin whistle and the elephant almost has heart failure at sight of a mouse.

Anyway it seems to be true. Ringling himself described how she fell on her knees before him, after the divorce papers had been served on her, pleading with tears and sobs that he withdraw the suit. If so, she promised to do anything in the world he asked, even make the supreme sacrifice of not nagging him any more.

Miss Ina Sanders, comely but plump brunette nurse, charged by Mrs. Ringling with "undermining" her in the circus man's mind, took the stand to declare that she had been forced, on several occasions, to request Mrs. Ringling to leave her husband's sick room when the arguments would reach the point of "causing the patient's pulse to rise and to excite him." It was this nurse who testified that once his pulse went up from 76 to 104 in a few seconds. But that was only one of many times. The elevations varied with the language used.

But the nurse was given quite a setback when Mrs. Ringling accused her of carrying on "an affair" with Ringling. Mrs. Ringling said that on one occasion she went to the sick room, to find Ringling seated in a chair, with the nurse, clothed in "flimsy and revealing" sleeping pajamas, seated on the chair arm with Ringling embracing her.

"That's a lie!" said the nurse when she went back on the stand.

As often as a witness said she swore at Ringling, Emily would go on the stand and repeat the same determined statement, "I never swore at Mr. Ringling or the servants."

After a recent nurse had told how awful she was, Mrs. Ringling put on a previous one who had been superseded. This lady could not remember that Emily had ever been anything but a perfect lady. Mr. Ringling's present secretary felt the same way as the present nurse about Mrs. Ringling, but the wife produced a previous secretary, Richard Fuchs, who somehow had never seen or heard any of these "rambunctious ructions."

The testimony of Mr. Fuchs, a New York accountant who served as Ringling's confidential secretary for more than fifteen years up until early in 1934 and who was with him almost constantly, both in New York and in Florida, failed to substantiate charges of his former chief that Mrs. Ringling was always the aggressor.

Fuchs said that he had never heard Mrs. Ringling use a profane word in all the time he knew her in the Ringling household, and that was for the entire length of her stay in the family. He said that on many times while she had sufficient provocation "for plenty of cussing" he never heard her open her mouth to utter a vile or obscene word.

Miss Maria Danner, the former nurse, who was with Ringling in New York and in Florida, said virtually the same thing and she denied, most emphatically, that she had ever complained that Mrs. Ringling's actions were making her patient worse and that she was forced to evict Mrs. Ringling from the sick room on several occasions, as had been charged.

While all this is going on the former circus-king is busy opening a hotel bearing his name and is in fairly good health although all traces of his paralysis have not vanished. But his palace is not the show place it once was. Five half-breed police dogs roam the estate making life miserable to the neighbors. Weeds replace the beautiful shrubbery and flowers.

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Breezes are fun —but Drafts are Out!

Safer—and More Beautiful!

Master of the highway is this sleekly stunning Buick, with safety to match power-thrill, style to grace deep comfort—and the one-piece solid steel "Turret Top" contributing to both. Buick's the buy for many reasons and Body by Fisher with its solid steel "Turret Top" and Fisher No Draft Ventilation is one of them

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40,000 Crazy People Turned Loose by the Lunatic Asylums

Recent Shooting of Three Doctors by a Paroled Insane Man Reveals the Menace of Maniacs Known to Be Dangerous but Allowed Their Freedom

Bessie Friedman, the 42-Year-Old Crazy Woman, Who Has Been in Insane Asylums Six Times, But Who Was Released As Harmless Only to Be Rearrested After the Disappearance of a 10-Months-Old Child.

Police Believe That the Supposedly Harmless Crazy Woman Pushed the Baby Carriage Containing -Year-Old Jackie Horowitz Into the Cold Waters of the East River, and a Few Minutes After Jackie Disappeared She Was Found Wheeling a Carriage Containing Another Baby Toward the River.

The Charred Body of Little Nancy Jean Costigan Was Found in the Furnace of an Apartment House Where She Was Visiting an Aunt, and Lawrence Stone, a Young Ex-Convict Who Had Been Released As Feeble-Minded But Harmless, Confessed He Had Slain the Child.

The Photograph Above Shows Police Removing One of the Bodies from Medical Centre, in New York, After Victor Kousson, a One-Time Inmate of an Insane Asylum, Ran Amuck, Killed Two Doctors and Wounded a Third.

COLONEL CHARLES A. LINDBERGH was fearless enough to fly the Atlantic Ocean—yet with wife and child he fled from this country on account of threatening letters from cranks.

The very words of these letters betrayed that the writers had childish, almost infantile, minds. Why should anyone worry about a lot of feeble-minded persons, scattered about the country?

Well, they may be feeble in mind, but they are strong enough in body to aim a pistol and pull a trigger, or sly enough to set fire to a house.

Records of the Department of Mental Hygiene show that more than 6,000 lunatics were "paroled" from the crowded lunatic asylums of New York alone last year, in order to make room for new cases. At least 40,000 of these dangerous persons are at liberty.

These are not merely suspected lunatics, but crazy people who have already followed an insane impulse, been caught, examined, determined to be mad and have been confined in lunatic asylums and then turned loose. There are 40,000 of these known and branded insane people, and unknown thousands of potential lunatics who may be set off at any moment by some local or national event that excites them.

All these lunatics at large in neighboring States can easily cross into New Jersey, where Colonel Lindbergh lived, and which is proportionately infested with this same sort of people of strong emotions but weak intelligence. Not being able to grasp the meaning of evidence, large numbers of mental defectives got the muddled impression that Bruno Hauptmann was a poor dumb moron, like themselves, who had somehow been "persecuted" into conviction. So they expressed their disapproval by sending crank letters.

But they are equally capable of saying it with bullets or bombs, and so the Lindbergh went to England, where lunatics and criminals are better restrained.

Secret Service men the other day arrested a well-known, prosperous mechanical engineer of New York, for writing a couple of threatening letters to President Roosevelt. It took much time and expense to identify the writer, but only by such constant efforts can the nation's Chief Executive be protected from those who might do more than write letters. Lincoln, Garfield and McKinley were assassinated in office. Theodore Roosevelt was wounded, and bullets aimed at the present incumbent of the White House mortally wounded Mayor Cermak of Chicago.

Most any person of wealth or prominence is likely to have some "loon" take a pot shot at him when he steps out for a walk. But anybody, no matter how poor and insignificant, may suddenly find himself a victim of one of these "cured" madmen, whose "cure" consists only in having learned to make the right answers when examined by the parole board of psychiatrists.

No sane criminal would think of kidnaping a child unless its parents were rich enough to pay a ransom worth the criminal's risk. Mrs Dinah Horowitz would have laughed at any such suggestion last January, when she left her ten-month-old baby Jack in its little carriage on the sidewalk in front of No. 45 Gouverneur Street, New York City. Everybody knew that Jack's father could not pay any ransom out of his truck driver's wages.

But along the street came a woman of forty-five, rubbing her hands and chuckling to herself. Who would expect evil of this merry soul, even if someone happened to notice that there was a peculiar, sly look in the roving eye that does not go with normal persons amused at their thoughts?

That eye noted little Jack unguarded in his carriage. Apparently the woman wheeled baby and carriage to the nearest handy dock on the East River and pushed both into the river. The general alarm following the baby's disappearance caused her to be caught in the act of trundling two-year-old Doris Maslin to the river. Between these two events she had returned to No. 45 Gouverneur Street, and been chased away from still another baby in its carriage by the baby's father, Louis Schnelr.

When the police questioned the woman she laughingly admitted that she was Gussie Friedman, who had spent the last twenty years of her life in lunatic asylums. She had been sent away after a series of queer acts which culminated in an attack with a knife upon a strange woman passing in the street. But lunatics can learn how to sham sanity, and last October they paroled Gussie as harmless after she had given the right answers to the psychiatrists' questions.

That is perhaps one of the jokes that Gussie is always snickering about, and another is the police, who couldn't do much with this giggling moron. When they bothered her with questions, she confessed that she had drowned the baby, but a moment later merrily said she didn't mean it. Gussie, like other lunatics, except the lowest imbeciles, has learned the advantages of being irresponsible. She knows that she cannot be punished for any crime, even murder. The worst the authorities can do to sly, wiggling Gussie is to send her back to the asylum, from which she expects to be paroled again.

In 1927 a New York City Commission passed on the sanity of Victor Kousow, a Russian, who had been arrested for distributing scurrilous printed matter. The examination ended with something like the following dialogue:

"Do you know that it is wrong to kill a human being?"

"Yes."

"Would you kill a human being?"

"No."

"Well, I guess the man is harmless and we'll let him go."

The commission guessed wrong. Last December he went on a homicidal spree in the Columbia College of Dental and Oral Surgery, killing Dr. Arthur T. Rowe and Dr. Paul B. Wiberg, wounding Dr. William H. Crawford, and finally taking his own life. As so often happens with the murderous insane, Victor began with his benefactor and best friend.

The Russian started the day by picking one of his frequent rows with Axel Hansen, who, like himself, was a dental mechanic. Koussow thought he was capable of more important work and was constantly quarreling over his lack of promotion. On account of the disturbance with Hansen, Dr. Rowe, associate dean of the college, reminded the Russian how many times he had saved the trouble-maker from losing his job, but that now his patience was exhausted and he must go.

Victor went away, muttering as usual but not making any understandable threats. A few hours later he returned to the dean's office, and at his secretary's request waited meekly until Dr. Rowe finished talking with a man ahead of him.

Hardly had the secretary let him into the inner office than she heard the mechanic shout something in angry tones. Then there were two shots, and out burst the Russian, with smoking automatic pistol and blazing eyes. He had rewarded the man who kept giving him another chance by a bullet through the chest and another through the brain.

Pausing to toss a letter on the desk of the terrified secretary, the madman ran into the corridor and up two flights to the seventh floor, plunging into a laboratory where Dr. Wiberg and Dr. Crawford were studying X-Ray photographs. Both doctors grabbed for the maniac's gun, but they were not quick enough. Two bullets gave mortal wounds to Dr. Wiberg, who was assistant professor of dentistry of the college, and two more gave flesh wounds to Dr. Crawford.

From the laboratory the wild-eyed Russian hurried to the mechanical workshop, doubtless to finish his quarrel with Axel Hansen. But Axel had just stepped out, the luckiest step he ever took. Cursing his luck, Victor ran back to the X-Ray laboratory, doubtless to make sure he had made a good job of his two victims there.

He found them stretched on the floor and Dr. L. A. Stowe bending over them. Stowe snatched for the pistol, but, like the dean and two others, not named. What he had against Doctors Wiberg and Crawford is not clear, except that somehow he was convinced that they were ring-leaders of a great conspiracy against him.

One startling example of mistaken official indulgence was the murder of Dr. R. H. Sartwell, head of the Rhode Island State Asylum for the Insane. Dr. Sartwell was killed by a patient whom he had declared harmless. Frank Weedon, the lunatic, had been allowed to escape fifteen times and was often permitted to go unattended from the hospital into nearby Providence. The last time he escaped he found a shotgun and returned to the asylum and killed the indulgent doctor.

Suffering from religious delusions, including one that nobody ever died, John McHale, of the Bronx, was examined at Bellevue and Manhattan State Hospitals, but turned loose again on the theory that this pious sort of lunacy probably was not dangerous. Unfortunately, this was another of those fatal bad guesses.

One evening, while his wife, Margaret, went out to a nearby store, McHale stepped in and improved the occasion by testing the truth of his belief that there is no death. With a two-pound hammer he beat in the skulls of his four little daughters. The result of the experiment was that Helen, four years old, was killed instantly in her sleep, while Anna, six, Margaret, five years, and Agnes, eighteen months, died in the hospital.

Lester Stone, tall, powerful youth of twenty-four, had a criminal record that showed he was feeble-minded and a potential killer of any little girl who might fall into his clutches. But neither prisons nor insane asylums seemed to want him, so he was allowed to remain in the ever-growing army of lunatics at large.

Last Spring, little five-year-old Nancy Jean Costigan disappeared in Mount Vernon, New York. Search of the basement of a fashionable apartment house revealed blood stains which finally led to the furnace of the oil-heating plant. Yanking open the furnace door showed a little white skull and a few bones amid the roaring flame. Since all else had been cremated, identification would not have been possible but for a little silver wrist watch given her by her father.

Suspicion immediately fell upon Stone, who had recently been discharged as doorman of that apartment house, had been hanging around the place that day and been seen talking with Jean. Brought to the door of the furnace, he suddenly broke down and confessed to the killing, but claimed that he had accidentally knocked her down, and then, fearing that on account of his record, they would not believe it, thrown her body in the furnace. Since the insanity defense would surely save him from the electric chair, he was allowed to plead guilty to murder in the second degree. For this he received a fifty-year sentence.

Mrs Mary Masner, of Laurel, Md., persuaded the authorities to let her daughter, Carrie, come home from the asylum for the holidays. But Carrie became so violent that Mrs. Masner had to lock her in a closet. Unfortunately there happened to be a loaded rifle in that closet, so, when the door was finally opened, Carrie stepped forth laughing and shot her mother through the heart.

It is all very well to scold the authorities for turning a new army of these asylum graduates loose on the helpless public every year, but they answer that all the asylums are full, and that every time a new case is committed to them they must make room by letting someone out. They ask: What else can they do?

■

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● THE BOOKS OF ETIQUETTE SAY

this is Awful!

● BUT YOUR DENTIST THINKS

this is Splendid!

SOFT FOODS [illegible] that work to keep [illegible] grow flabby [illegible] No wonder that warning tinge of [illegible]

"PINK TOOTH BRUSH" [illegible] your dentist's advice [illegible] Ipana every time you brush your teeth

IPANA PLUS MASSAGE is [illegible] dental science because it helps your gums to win back their firmness, to recover their health. And healthy gums, remember, have little to fear from pyorrhea, gingivitis or Vincent's disease.

LOVELY SMILES are so important in life! And they depend upon shining white teeth set in firm, healthy gums. So protect your smile against the threat of "pink tooth brush," against dingy teeth, tender gums. Get a tube of Ipana today.

DON'T BE INDIGNANT! Of course, dentist or no dentist, you'll never eat so barbarously. *And your dentist doesn't ask you to*

But he does say—and he says it emphatically—that if people did chew more aggressively, that if there *were* more coarse, hard foods on our modern menus, he'd hear less of ailing gums . . . see fewer evidences of that danger signal pink tooth brush." And he is absolutely right

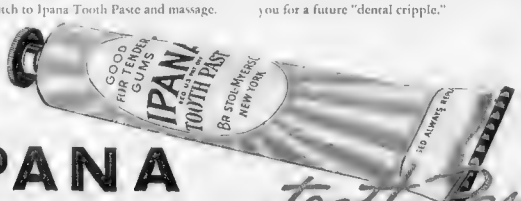
Gums, as well as teeth, need regular care

But he also knows there's a modern way—a more civilized way to keep gums in good condition—an effective way to give them the exercise and healthful stimulation denied them by modern soft food. So even before a first complaint from your gums—before that first warning "tinge of pink" appears on your own tooth brush—play safe—be reasonable—switch to Ipana Tooth Paste and massage.

There are sound, sensible reasons why you should switch to Ipana. First, Ipana is a splendid modern dentifrice that keeps teeth clean and sparkling white. Second, Ipana is especially designed to benefit the gums as well as the teeth. It is made that way. Ipana and massage get new circulation started within the gum walls. Lazy gums come to life. Flabby gums grow firmer. They are healthier, better protected against serious gum disorders like gingivitis, pyorrhea or Vincent's disease

Start with Ipana and Massage today

Try it for thirty days. Rub a little extra Ipana into your gums every time you brush your teeth. And you will soon see, as well as feel, an improvement in your gums and teeth. Make this double duty a part of your daily health routine. Don't let your own neglect—your own carelessness—mark you for a future "dental cripple."



IPANA *tooth Paste*

The Crime of Miss Ethel Maloney

by A. C. W. Allison

Tiny Was Huge; He Didn't Like Professor Van Aken, and the Sheriff Said Tiny Had Killed Him.

A Thrilling Murder Story, Complete in This Issue.

Tiny Made a Pass at the Sheriff That Would Have Laid Him Cold if Cosette Hadn't Jumped in Between Them. She Threw Her Arms Around Tiny's Neck and Clung There.

THE evening started off mildly enough. Certainly none of our Zeke House fraternity brethren ever dreamed that before it ended a murder [illegible]

[illegible] for a homicide mystery, all right enough as far as Jimmy Loveiace knew it had [illegible] been used for that purpose before. It was called a suburban estate but it was worse than suburban. It was isolated both longitudinally and [illegible] up-and-down way. It stood on a mountain ridge that you could see from the university grounds and the town in the valley, and you could get to it only by a winding and dangerous road well supplied with precipices. The nearest neighbor was a thousand feet below.

But inasmuch as this was the mild season of [illegible] and Jimmy's parents were still safely engaged in reducing Europe, there seemed no good reason why we shouldn't use the house for a select and exclusive Thursday evening party. If we had made it Saturday after the football game, no telling how many would have fallen down the precipices.

Jimmy invited eleven of us, all his co-denizens of the Zeke fraternity house, and our favorite females. Of course there were chaperons. There were Dr. and Mrs. Cousins of the faculty (medieval and modern history) and Professor Peter Van Aken (mathematics) though we all figured old Van Ache was mainly there to see that the shindig broke up early and didn't interfere with a math exam he was staging next day. If it hadn't been for something like that he wouldn't have come to the party with the makings of a headache. He might have gone away with one, maybe, if he hadn't been the crafty abstainer that he was. He took one drink, if he found himself among the Romans, and loudly declined the second, third and fourteenth, if it came to that. But it never came to that if Professor Van Aken stuck around.

That was why the other chaperons, Dr. and Mrs. Cousins, felt perfectly safe in leaving the party as early as they did. They had a date to play bridge in town somewhere. But their nice niece Cosette didn't go with them, so they did not leave a double blight, as Tiny Towers expressed it, on the party—meaning the absence of Cosette and the presence of old Van Ache.

Tiny, being a very able Varsity fullback but not so good at arithmetic, figured he had every reason to hate Professor Van Aken, and to refer to him as a Foul Fungus and such. The Professor had romped all over him last year and kept him out of two important games and had threatened this year to abolish his football career for good and all, if he didn't begin to toe the mark in math.

And this was the evening the Professor took to add social insult to academic injury.

The trouble really dated from the moment Cosette Cousins set her No. 2½ suede slipper in the living-room where divers college men and their decolletee frails were quickly engulfing cocktails while the chaperons were elsewhere putting up their coats and things. Tiny Towers, so called by virtue of the fact that he looked like the Ritz Tower set amongst adobe huts, could not have a cocktail, but there was nothing in the training rules that barred a pretty girl, at reasonable hours.

Blonde woman," he commanded, "come here to papa. Why is it you haven't been pointed out to me before?"

All the other janes and swains of the assemblage looked for an immediate rush of Cosette toward the legendary figure that was Towers—the titanic. But there was no rush. Instead Cosette inquired coolly

"Don't they furnish tom-toms with your Indian Love call?"

Tiny was nettled and taken aback and thrown for a loss a ten yards.

He could only glower and mutter: "Shut the window, somebody. The air is too fresh in here."

No woman had ever talked that way to Tiny Towers. Most any girl would break a date or a neck cheerfully for the privilege of basking in the shade of this All-American hunk of beef. But Cosette simply fried him with a glance.

And right on top of this stuff-arm from the unfair sex, in comes the joy-wrecking Professor Van Aken, and out of all that roomful of hes and shes he picks Tiny for a stare of the marble eye and says to him, publicly: "Towers, I should think you'd be home studying for that test tomorrow. You know what depends on it. You're out of that game Saturday unless you grade a B, at least. I'm sorry, but it is my last word on the subject. I think we agreed recently that you had no time for frivolity."

Yes, sir," said Tiny, with the expression on his face that he would have used if he had thrown Van Ache off [illegible]

I am glad that you excuse yourself immediately after dinner and go home to familiarize yourself faintly with the multiplication table."

Yes, sir," said Tiny, again with venomous respect. "But I brought my books with me. I don't have to go home. I thought this would be a nice quiet place to study."

Perhaps it would have been better," replied Van Ache coldly, "if you had brought along two cheer leaders to help you concentrate."

Of course this was a pretty good smart crack, especially coming from a professor, but nobody would have laughed at it if that Cosette Cousins person hadn't giggled right out. She set everybody else to haw-hawing, and for the first time since he had got his Letter, Tiny was the subject of old Gen. Ridicule. It made him so sore that all he could do was to fix the Professor with an obelisk glare [illegible] a bullsick? I never could remember which—and huffed out of the room.

I followed him outside pretty soon, and found him in the pergola at the edge of the cliff, smoking one cigarette after another. "Nobby" Crafton, Medicine, '37) was with him, and to say he was remonstrating with Tiny would be putting it like 2.75 beer, terribly mildly. Nobby gave medical advice whether you wanted it or not. He always had a stethoscope or a blood-pressure instrument in his pocket, and you didn't know at what moment he might pull out a sterilizing stove or a whole operating kit.

"Breaking training, eh?" Nobby was yelping. "Right on the eve of the crucial contest in which the honor of Old Lumphia is at stake!"

"To hell with Old Lumphia and your pie-faced honor," Tiny growled. "Got money on the game, havent you? That's why you're so pepped up about honor, and about whether I smoke a cigarette or two after a lousy heel of a professor has insulted me."

Nobby took a drink out of a hip-pocket flask so he could remonstrate some more. Swell way to argue a fellow out of breaking training! I took it away from Nobby and tried some of it myself. It was raw enough to make a calf fight its old mother.

"Well, I have got my hard-cadged dough on the game, all I could borrow," said Nobby in an injured way. "But that's just how I show that I've got the real, true Old Lumphia spirit. That's confidence in you, Tiny. It ought to make you proud."

This did not make Tiny proud, so Nobby tried another and softer approach. He began talking about how a girl like Cosette Cousins would take it to heart Saturday if Old Lumphia lost.

"That dame," said Tiny with bitterness, "ain't got a heart to take it to!"

"Oh, you mustn't misunderstand her, because she was a little snippy. That's just a way she has. She was kidding you. She's always wanted to meet you, and that's why Jimmy Loveiace invited her tonight. You're supposed to take her in to dinner. Don't stand out here grouching and ruining your wind with cigarettes, when she's in there waiting for you, hoping against hope that you'll come back."

"Yeah—her hope chest must be heaving up and down a terrible lot."

"Oh, snap out of it, fellow. I'll go in and fix things for you. I'll give her an earful of what a swell fellow you are, and how you said she was a sweet-built job and you'd like to know her more and more. And then you come in by-and-by and take her gracefully away from me. See?"

Tiny tried to see but he was dubious. "All right," he said to Nobby. "You go tell her I'm not such a wormdown rubber heel after all, will you?"

Nobby was working like a gentleman and a gambler to keep Tiny Towers from doing anything rash, because he knew if anything happened to keep Tiny out of that game with Lever's unscored-against bunch of bruisers, it would be all off with Old Lumphia and anybody who had money and honor to risk on the game. Our team simply went to pieces when Towers was out of the line-up. And if old Van Ache barred him on account of that math exam Friday, or if that Cosette dame with the baby-blue eyes and tabasco tongue got him worried enough to break training in a big alcoholic way, it would be just Too Bad with the accent on the score-board.

But I was in the living-room a little later when Tiny came in to claim his fair lady and take her in to dinner. And whatever steps the diplomatic Nobby Crafton had taken to get him in solid with Cosette had flivvered like nobody's stock investments. She was carrying on a bright conversation with that long, tall, sallow-complexioned, languid-moustached, black-suited son of a theorem, Professor Van Aken.

And when everybody else was moving in for chow, Tiny steps up and offers his arm to Cosette and she looks at it and says, "What's that for, Tarzan?"

Tiny says, "I'm taking you in to dinner."

Cosette says, "You are! Oh, tee-tee-tee! I thought you were standing in the living-room, trying to sell me a leg of lamb." Then she turned with an expression that you wouldn't have called supercilious, just maybe cilious, and took the Professor's arm. And Van Ache gave Tiny a cold oblique glance and took Cosette in to dinner.

Now all of this might have been calculated to make Tiny as sore as the plucked owl that found himself in jail with both legs broke. But Professor Van Aken didn't leave well enough alone. He kept digging into Tiny.

After dinner Cosette, just to show she could humble a hero and then make him come back for more, wangled Tiny into dancing with her when somebody turned on the radio. And after that she let Tiny take her for a stroll out on the grounds. She evidently felt she had slammed him enough, and that he'd [illegible] a sufficient [illegible] Jacob with three [illegible] Cosette had to admit that [illegible] do Tiny any [illegible]

For Professor [illegible] than a bear [illegible] when Towers was being accused of the murder of Professor Van Aken.

Tiny did go upstairs to do some cramming on his math. Cosette was all for cut-ting out to [illegible] something wrong with the Professor [illegible] and make him apologize for his nasty words to Van A[illegible].

And the Professor and Tiny [illegible] for the period of a solid hour afterwards [illegible]. The reason it happened so was one of the Professor's headaches. They came on him at times without warning, and sometimes they caught him without the pocket flask of aspirin he always carried around with him. This was one of those times. His headaches were [illegible] the kind that knock a fellow for a couple of orbits around the sun, and when one of them came on Van Ache just had to take a handful of aspirins and lie down for half an hour or so.

The Professor Was Laid Out Cold. There Was a Small Pool of Blood Where His Head Lay on the Floor, and a Heavy, Metal Smoking Stand Was on the Floor, Too, With Blood on Its Base.

Nobby Crafton, who was tickled to death of the chance to get out of the Professor, even for half an hour, hurried around canvassing the house for aspirin and finally reported that there was some upstairs in the cabinet of one of the guest-room bathrooms. So the Professor went on up, and the party heaved a gusty sigh of relief. This was at 9:10 o'clock.

Tiny Towers, meanwhile, was already upstairs in the room adjoining the one where the Professor had gone and was cramming, supposedly, for the fatal math exam.

Those were all the events leading up to the discovery of the excitement, as far as I can remember. We didn't hear anything going on upstairs, because we were making a fair amount of racket ourselves, with the radio going and what-what, and the wind had begun heaving and whizzing outside with the [illegible] storm. I [illegible] his flask out there but [illegible] aware of it. [illegible] the lightning painted everything [illegible] Cousins [illegible] a quick [illegible] thunder barked.

Oh, help, help—somebody [illegible] I'm scared!

Scared of what?" [illegible]

Ooh! Scared of [illegible]

Close all the windows [illegible] rafts. Oooh! I [illegible] I just know it. I wish I had [illegible]

We continued [illegible] enough for her [illegible] she was going [illegible] one of a room with all [illegible] until the storm was over.

It may be [illegible] Jimmy Loveiace with a laugh, but I'm [illegible] protest on Tiny Towers she's going [illegible]

The booming and the flashing kept on at a terrific rate outside then let up for a minute while the wind gathered a new pummeling assault and banged shutters and loose [illegible] and made the bent trees whistle and moan.

And then the lights went out—and at the same minute there was a fearful scream [illegible]

Help! help! Mu-mu-murder! The Professor's [illegible]!

We got a [illegible] picture flash of Cosette when a shaft of lightning [illegible] from the room she was fleeing at the [illegible] of the stairs, wringing her hands and moaning. Then all was black as a cave in [illegible] Egypt, you can't know what darkness is till you've been in a country house and the lights go out.

There was a flashlight [illegible] and I reckon for a minute could even find a [illegible] Had the gang had training but pocket [illegible] these spring these dim days when [illegible] green, semi-romantic. They [illegible] Professor's [illegible] No. Cosette was moaning [illegible] at the base of the stairs and [illegible] was trying to get some sense out of what she was moaning at, and [illegible] a candle at the same time.

Then there was Tiny Towers' big voice at the head of the stairs demanding: "What the heck's all the shouting about?"

Jimmy found a candle and Cosette found her tongue about the same time.

"He's—he's dead!" she gasped. Lying on the floor in that [illegible] bedroom. The door was open and I saw him."

We all mauled upstairs as fast as Jimmy could lead us with the candle and there had, sure enough, on the floor of one of the two guest rooms was the Professor, all right, laid out cold. There was a small pool of blood where his head lay on the floor, and a heavy metallic smoking stand was on the floor too, with ashes and cigarette butts scattered about—and on the heavy base of the smoking stand there was unmistakably blood. In fact it was lying in the spot of blood on the hardwood floor.

"Don't touch the b-body," warned Nobby Crafton shakily. "You're not supposed to touch a b-body until the c-coroner sees it."

You've got to touch it, you idiot," growled Jimmy Loveiace. "You're the only medico around here. Examine him—see if he's really [illegible]"

Nobby felt through his pockets wildly. "My stethoscope—now where—"

He remembered it was in his overcoat pocket downstairs and he went after it, stumbling along with a series of inadequate wax matches to guide him.

The girls were squealing and boo-hooing something awful by now, and it's hard for me to remember what any of us did, except Jimmy Loveiace and I tried to look for clues. There was a window partially open leading to the upstairs balcony on the side of the house, but it was not open wide enough for a man to have got through it, and it was stuck so tight that neither Jimmy nor I could budge it. Tiny Towers, however, opened it with ease—he weighed 275 pounds in his stocking feet, so why not? But it was raining so hard outside now that any footprints there might have been on the balcony would have been washed away completely.

Nobby came back with his stethoscope, and also with a flashlight he had dug out of the pocket of one of the girls. He also brought in a not so faint effluvium of spirits—I mean the kind that came out of his flask—and you wouldn't exactly say he was steady when he applied the stethoscope to the unfortunate Professor. He used it more like a French phone than a stethoscope at first, and kept mumbling something to himself through one of the earpieces. It sounded like:

Frère Ethel Maloney Lurea"

"What did you say?" demanded Jimmy Loveiace.

I said pneumococcus sicksaseptic [illegible]

Jimmy shook him by the shoulder. "Nobby! Is he—is he—"

Nobby looked up quickly. "Is he what?"

Is he dead?

Sure, but whattayou asking me for?"

There was an awful silence, when even the girls stopped blubbering.

Well, how long—can you tell Nobby—how long has he been dead?"

Nobby answered with a loose sort of grin. "Oh, practically all his life. But this time we gotta bury him."

You go jump under a shower that's what you do," growled Jimmy storm. "The idea of talking about the people—Prof—like that!"

He bundled Nobby out of the room. "We've got to notify the sheriff and the coroner," he said nervously. Nobody must touch—anything in this room until they get here."

Some one had already thought of trying to use the telephone, but the phone line was just as dead as the night line.

I'll have to drive down to that filling station at the foot of the mountain, that's all," growled Jimmy. "I—nobody had better leave the house—you know, just for the sake of appearances—"

But I've got to go home," squealed Cosette Cousins who had been clinging mightily close, I noticed, to Tiny Towers in the dark. "You said somebody would take me home, Jimmy, if I didn't go with Uncle and Auntie."

Now, now, there's no hurry about that," admonished Tiny. "I'll take you home myself, when the cops say you can go home. This is a serious situation, gal—you can't have the cops suspecting you. You discovered the body."

Oooh!" cried Cosette with a long-drawn shiver. "I want to go home!"

A lot of the other girls wanted to go home, too, but we managed to persuade all of them that they had better stick it out.

We all sat glumly around the living-room, with one [illegible]

(Continued on Page 20)

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What Science Has Found Out About The Great Apes

Curious Discoveries That Baboons Can't Count Above Three; Chimpanzees Hold Carnivals and Have Some Sense of Money Value; Gorillas Respect Property Rights; Monkeys Seem Not to Be Able to Comprehend Death, and Many Other Interesting Results of Recent Research

"Bobby," the 540-Pound Ferocious Gorilla, Watching His Keepers Through the Bars of His Cage at the Berlin Zoo.

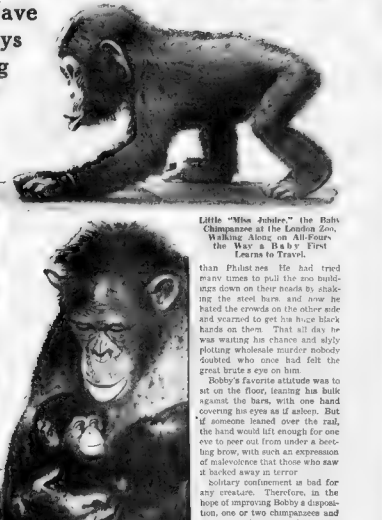
Full-face View of "Bobby," Showing the Malice and Hatred Reflected on His Countenance.

Prof. Kellogg's Child, Donald, and His Chimpanzee Companion, "Gua," Rolling a Ball Back and Forth to Each Other Just as Two Children Would Roll the Ball Back and Forth.

Stirred by Curiosity, the Monkeys Lifted the Top Off the Box and When They Saw a Snake Emerge, They Seized the Top of the Box and Held It Up in Front of Them as a Shield.

In One of Prof. Kellogg's Tests a Cookie of the Kind Liked by the Boy, Donald, and the Ape, "Gua," Was Hung From a Cord Out of Reach of Either Ape or Child. The Chimpanzee Learned More Quickly to Push the Chair Beneath the Cord and Reach Up and Grasp the Cookie.

Prof. Raven's Female Chimpanzee, "Meshie," Became an Affectionate Member of His Family, Ate With a Knife and Fork, Brushed Her Hair, Took Baths With Enthusiasm and Fed Her Child Playmates With Their Nursing Bottles.



Little "Miss Jubilee," the Baby Chimpanzee at the London Zoo, Walking Along on All-Fours the Way a Baby First Learns to Travel.

APES understand pain, injury, even sickness but, unlike mice, crows and even ants, they haven't the slightest idea of death

This discovery which may throw light on some of the earliest human beliefs in immortality is one of many brought to light in the last few years by better facilities for studying humanity's nearest relatives in the jungle

Because apes and monkeys have eyes set in the front of the head, just as men have, both eyes concentrate on the same object. Thus is what is known as stereoscopic vision, or the ability to appreciate fully the third dimension in space. Thus monkeys, unlike other animals, can discriminate an difference in form, size and the distances between objects in the same manner that men do. The apes also are the only animals beside men that have hands. These two things, hands and stereoscopic vision, make it possible for the creatures to [illegible] in the interest they show in their immediate surroundings and enable them to examine objects in detail

Most animals are color-blind but the monkeys [illegible] not only to the differences in the brightness of light but also to the differences in color

A primitive form of property rights seems to be recognized among gorillas. A family of gorillas, consisting of one adult male and his four or five or six wives with their young, will settle down on a tract of country of several square miles and forage the fruit and food without intrusion from the next family

The monkeys hold social gatherings and carnivals. Prof. Garner reported that "A drum is built of a log superimposed upon a kind of peat bed, which, being very porous, acts as a resonance cavity and intensifies the sound. After the drum is again dry, the chimpanzees assemble by night in great numbers, and the carnival begins. One or two will beat violently on this dry clay, while others [illegible] up and down in a wild and grotesque manner. The festivities continue in this fashion for hours."

Monkeys can be trained to do useful service In the Malay Islands the natives teach them to climb [illegible] and pick cocoanuts. Chimpanzees have been taught to feed, nurse and watch over babies.

"Meshie," a female chimpanzee, was brought up by Prof H C Raven of the American Museum of Natural History with his own three children This affectionate animal took an interest in the children, watched over them with affectionate care and fed the babies their milk bottles. "Meshie" always ate with a knife and fork, washed her hair and took baths with great enthusiasm

Prof. Crawford of Yale Psychological Department taught chimpanzees to deposit poker chips in the slot of an automatic service box in order to get their food. This impressed the creatures with the value of the poker chips as a token, putting them into a state of mind with reactions parallel to those of the human being who deposits

coins in a tin bank. Prof. Crawford then put the chimpanzees in separate cages where poker chips were given to some and food to others. Very soon the chimpanzees which had the poker chips were offering them to those who had the food, endeavoring to make an exchange.

But not unlike their human cousins, some of the apes were dishonest. A few pretended to accept the offers to exchange food for poker chips and then, when they had the chips, withheld the food.

Prof. Bastian Schmid, of Munich, put two monkeys in a cage with a box, knowing well that the animals curiously would soon cause them to open it. When they lifted off the top and saw a snake begin to emerge, the monkeys retreated holding the box cover between them and the snake as a shield

From the depth of Ethiopia came word that even the baboons were drilling for the expected war with Italy A Swiss expert had been drilling the native Negroes in the latest military formations until they could hardly stand. What was the drillmaster's astonishment on approaching the drill ground one morning to see from a distance that apparently his squads were there ahead of time and drilling themselves.

His field glasses however revealed that it was a large band of baboons which he remembered had been watching proceedings from the forest. The long-nosed anthropoids formed in line, with loud barking sounds suggestive of "count fours" and some semblance of "right dress." This was followed by what seemed "right forward, fours right." After that they broke ranks, lined up and did it over again They were rather awkward even for a first day's awkward squad and there were [illegible] many threes as fours Some toted branches on their shoulders at "carry arms."

There was much speculation as to how good they would be by the time Mussolini's troops arrived. African farmers who had suffered from these sly and observant animals, prophesied that if they drilled till they died of old age, they would never master any maneuver that involved handling them in groups of four. Experience has taught them that the baboon though smart in other matters is below the kindergarten level in arithmetic, being unable to count beyond three The farmers take advantage of this mathematical weakness in hunting the animal.

alike to march out where the apes are feeding on the farmer's crops. They do this boldly because the keen eyes and ears of the baboon make it almost impossible to stalk it successfully. As the hunters approach the apes retire, keeping just out of rifle range and watching intently

When the hunters pass through some good hiding place one of them drops out and conceals himself while the other three ostentatiously remove themselves from the vicinity It has been found that these particular apes at least, are unable to tell the difference between four and three, do not miss the fourth man and, after a while, saunter back and he gets a shot at them. But if there are only three hunters and one of them drops out and hides, the baboons note the shortage at once, barking at him derisively from a safe distance until he gives up and goes home

Another experiment came from Florida where Yale University maintains an Anthropoid Experimental station at Orange Park whose climate, if not its social atmosphere is about the same as Palm Beach. There they had made tests on 21 chimpanzees to see just how far these apes would carry the trait of aping human beings. Based on the experiments it was guessed that the baboon volunteers would after about four days, disband in favor of something that brought quicker profits And that is exactly what happened

The drive of the experiments was to see to what extent the chimpanzees could be induced to eat filter paper. Filter paper is a harmless, tasteless and utterly useless thing for man or ape to eat The 21 subjects were all placed where they could not fail to see their favorite keeper, a man for whom they had great respect as well as affection, put on a little act. They saw him pass carelessly through the room. But just before making his exit, he caught sight of a little white pile on a table, stared a moment and then with long strides and greedy looks, turned back and pounced on it.

Spellbound, the 21 watched him as with loud lip-smackings, he gluttonously chewed and swallowed what looked like a few pieces of tissue paper Their mouths watered and no doubt they hoped their good friend would perhaps share a crumb or two with them. Before he had eaten it all, someone called and he hurriedly left the room abandoning his newfound treasure. Since nobody forbade it, they hastened over to investigate the delicacy and received a shock.

Their noses and tongues told them that this tasteless stuff was not worth eating Yet their eyes had told them that a wise and learned person was eating it with the greatest relish What might be called common sense must have told them that there was a mistake somewhere because after much knitting of brows, they did not eat any

The next day the same act was repeated and this time most of them wesaered. The third day they all did except two ultra-conservative females They simply could not resist repetition of the propaganda which they resisted the first time Yet, after the fourth day, common sense reasserted itself and the apes refused to follow their master in that particular line, though it was found that he could still trick them on anything that looked new and different.

Miss Ella Tarleton, English zoologist, reports the pathetic discovery that in the wilds of Africa evolution has started to develop the monkey brain in a hopeless attempt to catch up with man's million year head-start and has reached a state of primitive inventiveness equivalent to the very beginnings of the stone age. Miss Tarleton started out as a missionary but found the monkeys so much more interesting than the savages, that some years ago she began to devote all her time to human psychology

"Monkeys are now making great progress, evolving from their primitive state," she says. "I do not believe they will ever achieve the ability of humans to grasp abstract ideas. They are too rash. This is the age of man and their days are numbered. But they show signs of what men were in the early stone age.

"My research leads me to believe that the beginning of the present century saw the beginning of their progress. I do not know why this progress was so long delayed."

Miss Tarleton reports a monkey who after much work, invented an umbrella made of large leaves with stalks held together in a bundle. Another monkey contrived a fly-swatter of tough vegetation. Both these inventions proved popular and were widely copied because there are no patents in monkey land

Miss Tarleton also saw some of these progressive monkeys, waging war in small armies. Like primitive humans, hurling missiles at each other. They have also improved in cleanliness and sanitation, abandoning their tree dwellings for little arbors of brush which they build on the banks of streams where mother monkeys give their babies a daily bath

It may be that Miss Tarleton has merely discovered something very old. These tribes of monkeys have perhaps had these peculiarities for thousands of years, inventing, forgetting and reinventing but never getting any further. No mat-

ter how grotesque ape or monkey may be its face invariably reminds one of some man or woman Each monkey or ape face bears a peculiarity of face had worked out at least one good idea. Man in his wanderings around the world seems to have helped himself to any of these ideas he liked Like copyright laws one can see shadows of all varieties of ape faces, somewhat refined, in any large human assemblage

Monks, in the deeply religious dark ages, used to torture themselves when they felt themselves being tempted by women. It seems that monkeys do the same thing under similar circumstances. Professor S. Zuckerman of University College, London, in his book, "The Social Life of Monkeys and Apes," relates the pathetic attempts of Cupid, a young rhesus monkey, to remain true to his first mate, though he must have realized that "she was not the right woman for him." The triangular monkey romance was unfolded in the psychological laboratory of the University of California where the owner of the monkeys, a man named Tinklepaugh, seems to have played the role of Satan

Cupid hardly mature, had his first experience with the opposite sex in the form of Psyche who was not only much older as well as experienced, but a common macaque monkey. As individuals of different species, they should have remained only platonic friends. But Psyche who seems to have been one of those easy-going persons with no scruples at all, set her cap for the innocent young rhesus, who, through no fault of his own, had been shoved into her one-room apartment. He resisted several days but finally fell for the furry vamp and for two and a half years they lived uneventfully, as man and wife.

Then one day, without warning, the great temptation was thrust on him, in the form of Topsy and Eva, two young rhesus females who were pushed into his cage after Psyche had been removed. There he was confronted by two girls of his own race

Did Nature suddenly tell him that in his innocence and ignorance, he had married the wrong woman and that he would not be able to remain true to her if these two charmers were to be around? Anyway, he did what a sorely-tempted, virtuous monk would have done, he indignantly shackled the two temptresses until they had to be taken from his cell. When his mate was brought back he greeted her with exaggerated affection

For about nine months, in spite of every trick his owner could devise, Cupid remained true to Psyche But finally this Simian St. Anthony weakened and had an affair with Topsy, a romance which was allowed to take its course for four days Then Psyche was brought back but Topsy was only removed to the adjoining cage. Under these strained circumstances, Cupid tried to be an affectionate husband but it was easy to see that "the other woman" had broken up his happy home. For hours each day he sat looking wistfully at her in the next cage

After a fortnight of this, Psyche was again removed and replaced by Topsy. Cupid embraced her like a long-lost love. Then he paused, cast her from him, threw himself into a corner and bit his own hind feet. Apparently every time the sinful temptation crept up on him he punished himself by lacerating his feet, until they were so badly injured that he had to be taken to the hospital

All tied up in bandages he was returned to Psyche who forgave him and nursed him His wounds healed but he was a depressed animal and for weeks, something, perhaps wicked memories caused him to bite himself again until it had to be cured by whippings. The breaking up of that tragic game with the death of Topsy but her place was taken by Eva, the other rhesus female Cupid then became resigned to his bigamous state but still apparently has moments of remorse, in which he bites himself

Added to his other worries probably was the fact that to the end of his days, Cupid would never be able to understand that the dead Topsy would not suddenly reappear and claim his favors. Prof Zuckerman says:

"Perhaps the most striking fact is that subhuman primates do not distinguish in their reactions between the living and the dead. That is to say they have no appreciation of death."

The papers often relate the difficulties of zoo keepers to get a dead baby away from a monkey or ape mother Sometimes it cannot be done until the little body has fallen to pieces Father as well as mother baboons have been seen working at the eyes of dead babies, apparently trying to open them and thus wake the dead

This is not simply the parental instinct, gone crazy, as shown by the fact that it applies to full-grown dead, for captivity, sometimes it is quite as much of a problem to get the body of his favorite female away from a male baboon. They evidently think death simply a passive state, like sleep, but harder to awake from Some apes show a hostile attitude toward their own sick and injured, even attacking them but not their dead

Since this inability to comprehend death seems to permeate the entire family of primates, it must have been strong in the first human being. Forced to accept the new and unwelcome fact of death, he may have gotten around his sorrow by belief in a life to come

The chimpanzee seems to be the easiest and most satisfactory of the apes to study in captivity. He likes man and his ways, is smart, friendly and obliging. The hardest of all to capture and keep alive but in many ways the most interesting of the anthropoids is the gorilla. The gorilla hates man and all his works and except in childhood stands on Patrick Henry's platform, "Give me liberty or give me death."

The full-grown gorilla is such a monster of muscle that it would be almost impossible to catch one alive and even if this could be done, the furious beast would not live long in captivity. However, in hunting the big fellows sometimes a baby gorilla is captured and, like most all very young creatures, the gorilla baby is friendly and lovable

But to rear one of these baby monsters in captivity is one of the hardest feats in the world. The creature is a little prima donna, requiring constant attention. If left alone a moment its heart is broken. In the Winter human callers bring it germs of cold from which the gorilla suffers endlessly and the slightest draft turns the ailment into pneumonia

Therefore all the world envied the Berlin Zoo because it had kept alive the gorilla Bobby to the age of ten. This great triumph was not all joy Bobby had become the world's most awful problem child. He weighed 540 pounds and was so powerful that he could have pulled a man to pieces as easily as a rag doll And Bobby had reverted to type, developing a murderous hatred against man-kind, with the one exception of his keeper, Herr Lebetreu, for whom he still retained some signs of affection though nothing to boast about

The Germans, with Bobby, had the same problem as the Philistines with Samson. Samson had been easy to handle at the start because for some unexplained reason cutting his hair by Delilah took away his strength. Later as his hair grew long his strength returned and though blinded Samson found a way to pull down the temple on his captors as well as himself

Bobby had come into the Zoo's possession as a baby, reasonably good-natured and for several years was not too powerful to be handled by half a dozen strong men. But long before reaching the 500-pound mark he had become so mighty that to have handled him would have taken more men than could have gotten their hands on him at one time. As he grew huskier he grew meaner until only one man, Lebetreu, could safely enter his cage

The zoo personnel, with one exception, knew that their terrible prisoner regarded them as worse than Philistines He had tried many times to pull the zoo buildings down on their heads by shaking the steel bars, and now he hated the crowds on the other side and yearned to get his huge black hands on them That all day he was waiting his chance and slyly plotting wholesale murder nobody doubted who once had felt the great brute's eye on him

Bobby's favorite attitude was to sit on the floor, leaning his bulk against the bars, with one hand covering his eyes as if asleep. But if someone leaned over the rail, the hand would lift enough for one eye to peer out from under a beetling brow, with such an expression of malevolence that those who saw it backed away in terror

Solitary confinement is bad for any creature. Therefore, in the hope of improving Bobby a disposition, one or two chimpanzees and other animals were made to take turns sharing the big cage with him. The gorilla seemed to understand that the smaller animals were fellow prisoners and he did not attack them but neither did he fraternize with them.

One day when Keeper Lebetreu was ill, it became the dangerous duty of Herr Kleinschmidt, head keeper of the chimpanzees, to clean Bobby's cage. When Kleinschmidt first started to enter with his pail and brush, Bobby gave him such a dirty look that he decided he ought to have more help. Human beings, except Lebetreu, inside that cage at close quarters, even if armed, would probably not be able to prevent a tragedy. So Kleinschmidt brought into the cage with him his good friend Toto, a chimpanzee, stronger than any man, probably stronger than Samson, but no match for a gorilla. The idea was to divert Bobby's attention

The big prisoner gave both callers an unpleasant look but made no hostile move at first. Kleinschmidt laid down his whip and went at his job with all possible speed It was almost done when he heard warning shouts from the men outside, a scream from Toto, a deep roar from Bobby and then a furry avalanche struck him. Black hairy arms started to crush the life out of him but as suddenly relaxed. Keepers outside had guns but they dared not shoot for fear of hitting Kleinschmidt

Staggering from the slackened arms, Kleinschmidt was astonished to see his friend Toto belaboring the giant with the whip and at the same time laying down the law in no language Why Bobby took it from Toto, nobody knows.

One morning not long ago, Bobby pushed away his breakfast, half-eaten When Lebetreu asked what was the matter the black giant replied with a barking cough, which caused Herr Lebetreu, for whom he still retained some signs of affection though nothing to boast about

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The zoo personnel, with one exception, knew that their terrible prisoner regarded them as worse

"Boo-Boo," the Mother of the Infant, "Jubilee," Caressing Her Daughter With Affectionate Care in Her Cage in the London Zoo.

(Continued on Page 21)

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L

Susan Got Up With a Goggle, Dress Her Pegnoir Revealing Close About Her Slim Hips and Prepared to Be Searched

to find it [illegible] quickly.

I [illegible] startled to speak at [illegible] them with a [illegible]

From [illegible] I like [illegible] said. It was [illegible] people [illegible] I feel [illegible] and [illegible] Somebody from [illegible] Tried on [illegible] Had [illegible] He [illegible] Let [illegible] M [illegible] So [illegible] Now [illegible] Mother [illegible] I [illegible] 12 [illegible] Two [illegible] at [illegible] I [illegible] said Van [illegible] Mother [illegible] I [illegible] Let [illegible] M

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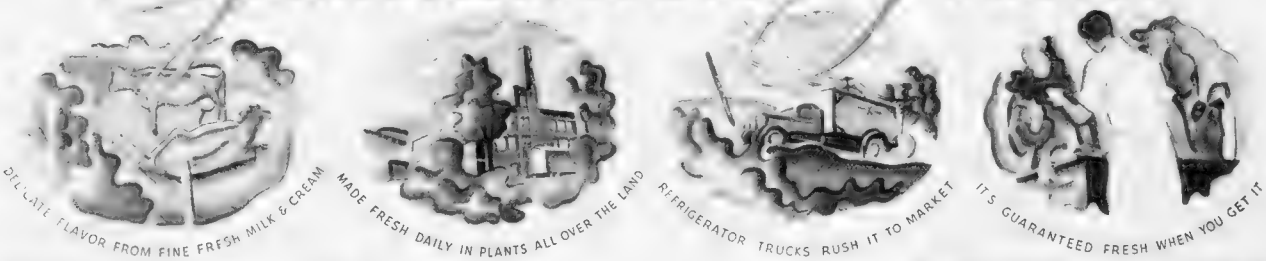
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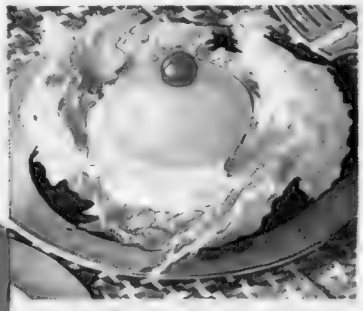
Using your favorite recipe or a prepared gingerbread mix, make a batch of gingerbread. While the gingerbread is baking, soften a package of "Philadelphia" Brand Cream Cheese by mixing it with a little milk. (Notice how the cream cheese fluffs up ... almost like whipped cream!) When the gingerbread is done, cut in squares. Top each warm square with the "Philadelphia" Brand and a bit of maraschino cherry



To make this lovely Tropical Salad, slightly soften "Philadelphia" Brand Cream Cheese with a little milk. Spread a generous layer of the creamy-white cheese on a pineapple slice. Place the pineapple in a crisp lettuce cup and cover with a canned peach half, rounded side up. Top with a half maraschino cherry and serve with Kraft French dressing. Try "Philadelphia" Brand in vegetable salads, too. It's delicious!

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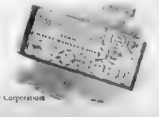

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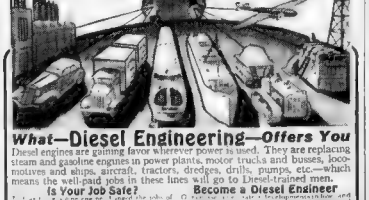

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Sea Shroud

by Sinclair Gluck

(Continued from Page 16)

and all over his corpulent person while Linklater gaped at him like a stranded fish. At length he stabbed his big man's pockets one at time, yielded a pearl-handled .22 revolver.

Garrett broke the tiny weapon, extracted one shell and let the hammer down on the empty chamber. "Safer to carry it that way," he explained kindly. "I thought I was."

Puffing indignantly Linklater shook the gun back in his pocket. Garrett wheeled and laid a hand on the housebov's shoulder. The rich kimono was little more than damp. Sako had not been outdoors tonight for any length of time—unless he had gone out in his underwear.

"Let's have a look at your shoes," Garrett said. "Any pockets? What are you wearing underneath?"

Sako rose with dignity, patted his back on the roof and spread the kimono wide. Beneath it he was stark naked.

No pockets. He drooled inhaling with a faint hiss. "You please to searching my sleeves, I think."

Garrett did so. One of them contained a letter and a handkerchief. The other was empty. The letter was addressed in Japanese handwriting was fairly scuffed as if it had lain at all official. It might be a Japanese secret service code—but Garrett repeated he was not reading it. He put the envelope because he could not read Japanese.

"Thanks," he said. "Now you'd like a bracelet."

The Frenchman rose, stood with folded arms. After searching his overcoat pockets Garrett swung him to face the wall and opened the coat. Aside from letters in the inner pocket and a handkerchief in the nightshirt he found nothing.

Brisson buttoned his coat and sat down stonily.

Garrett beckoned to Vane with an almost imperceptible wink. Rather reluctantly, the young fellow drew nearer to be searched. One pocket of his dressing gown contained a roll of very strong fishing line. Garrett left it there without remark.

He glanced at the women. Mrs. Mallow, bristled and Susan giggled nervously. Celia stared with inscrutable eyes.

"Perhaps you'll offer to search us, too," she said.

"In view of our loss tonight" he answered quietly, "I'd be glad if you would search each other."

Celia's eyes filled with sudden tears and her mouth drew tight. "Oh!" she gasped. "You're just Very well."

She advanced on Mrs. Mallow, who rose and stood the ordeal with grim rigidity, then searched Celia in return.

Neither found anything. Susan got up with a giggle, drew her peignoir revealingly close about her slim hips and prepared to be searched. Celia touched her here and there, perfunctorily. The maid's two garments would not have to come off.

"I'm obliged to you all," said Garrett formally. "Let me remind you again not to leave this room until we tell you."

He let himself out, closed the door and crossed the court in a chill rage. Somebody in that room was guilty—and clever Linklater or somebody else—there was no proof.

Dan loomed in the left wing doorway from the court, but retreated along the hall as Garrett entered. They faced each other in the lighted dining room.

"Searched all the men," said Garrett. "Found nothing but a .22 on Linklater and a strong fishline on Vane. The women searched each other—" He broke off inquiringly.

"Why hop all over Miss Celia" asked Dan in a gentle voice "when she's just lost her uncle?"

Garrett did not answer at once, but Dan serenely waited.

"Maybe you'd rather let her do as she likes, muddle our plans and get herself killed," said Garrett. Make her mad enough and she won't suffer. Any other little thing that doesn't suit you?" He was not looking at Dan.

"Aran" drawled the ex-major. "Why all the temper?"

Garrett looked around at him with a short laugh. "The dirty Skunk in that room back there, who killed Osterhout. I haven't a thing on him. That's why. Let's start with this wing."

"Okay" said Dan. "Guess you're right at that," he added humbly. "And she sure is a tall cat you."

Garrett led the way to the corridor and switched on the lights. He started forward, then came to a halt. The window stood wide open with mist drifting through into the room.

I left that closed a few minutes ago with the shade down" he pointed out. "Brisson or the Beaver."

Dan put one hand to his head, leaped forward and drew the shade down. Swerving aside, he reached behind it and closed the window, his movements swift and lithe despite his sore head.

"I'm betting on the Beaver," he grumbled. "Maybe he came in the passage—or stayed in—but here's how he got out again with his knife. He sure knows the house."

Maybe" said Garrett. "But we'll look for him all the same." He moved forward and locked the window. "If he's out, he's got to stay out. With the passage door locked, we'll patrol the wings tonight and keep him out."

Dan nodded. "Did you find anything in here—or in Susan's room?" he asked, looking around.

She's been out a long time. Overcoat soaked. All the clothes here are pretty dry. Brisson's coat is soaked."

"These Frenchies are bearcats with the dames," said Dan.

"You think that's it? Maybe you're right, Sako had nothing on under his kimono, and that was fairly dry. He hasn't been out much tonight. But here's something. Don't touch—"

More swiftly than before, Garrett uncovered the sheaf of bills in Sako's box. When Dan reached for them, Garrett was ready to knock his hand aside.

Lay off," he warned. "Those little piggers are sudden death Poison. There's twenty thousand dollars there in recent bills. Box is full of costly jades and silk. Osterhout must have paid him pretty big wages." He closed the panel, set the box in order and shut down the lid.

"Could the Japanese use that airship?" Dan exclaimed. "But they wouldn't pay him in advance."

"They might pay him part of it—sort of retaining fee. But don't say anything to him yet. Things are too tricky tonight. Anyhow, it's no good warning him until we can prove how he killed Osterhout—if he did. Come on, let's finish searching the place. I want to ask Linklater why he got dressed, after we sent him to bed."

They went through the left wing, locking all the windows and bolting the outside kitchen door. It was easy enough to make sure that nobody was concealed in this wing, but their hunt for a weapon took longer.

At length Garrett abandoned the profitless search and returned to the little hall with Placer's rifle.

"Get your torch and gun ready" he said. "While I go through the court for that bird. Stand near this door, will you, so he can't double back? I'll leave the rifle. Don't forget it." He propped the weapon just inside the door. "Maybe this is a wild goose chase, but it pays to be careful."

"Okay" said Dan. "Let's go. Drive the Beaver this way, Garrett. I wanna talk to him."

As they stepped into the mist, a bearded figure near the front of the court slipped silently into the passage. He unlocked the outer door and withdrew the key. By the sense of touch, he undid the bolt softly, leaving it just clear of the socket. The door opened with a faint creak. He slipped out, closed it swiftly, and locked it from the outside.

Meanwhile, Garrett had switched on his torch. With revolver poised, he searched the court from end to end, swearing at the mist. Several times he swung left or right abruptly, to catch anyone who might be trying to avoid him.

At length he entered the passage and flashed the beam of his torch around the murky tunnel, to find no one hiding there.

For an instant only, the light rested on the door-knob.

Blurred by mist, the bolt looked closed.

Garrett tried the door to make sure, found it locked and returned to the court, pocketing his revolver.

"All right, Bruce," he called. "Nobody here. Come and watch these windows now, in case he tries to bolt."

Outside the house, the bearded man removed his ear from the keyhole and rose to his feet. He unlocked the door softly, opened it a trifle and set his ear to the crack.

There he stood listening, while Garrett searched each of the four bedrooms across the front of the court.

At length Garrett called to Dan that he had finished and discovered nothing. They walked away toward the rear.

The bearded man remained motionless until he heard the living-room door open and close behind them. Then he slipped into the passage, locked and bolted the door from the inside, and moved noiselessly into the court.

CHAPTER XVIII.
Frenchie Goes Swooning.

WHEN Garrett and Dan entered the living room, Vane was whispering to Celia. The rest looked dumb in apathy.

At sight of Garrett, everyone stood up. Though he felt certain one of them was a murderer, he could detect no more indication of strain in one face than in the others.

"Just a minute, please," he checked them. "You'll be safer waiting here until we look through this wing. Somebody else may have entered the house."

Exchanging glances, they all sat down again.

Garrett and Dan moved into the hall. They searched the bedrooms in the right wing as carefully as before, but did not find the weapon. The rooms were dissected and seemed undisturbed. Before quitting each, they locked the windows. As he finished in his own room, Garrett took a sheet off the bed and bundled it up. Dan raised his eyebrows inquiringly.

"To cover Osterhout's body," Garrett explained. "We ought to question those people separately, tonight."

"In the workshop? It's no place for Miss Celia."

"Then we'll leave her out," said Garrett woodenly. "Perhaps we'd better stack Placer's rifle there, too."

Dan smiled a little. "Okay, Garrett. Suppose you question 'em. That'll let me visit our beach sentries."

Going to leave the passage door unlocked?"

"Nope, it locks from the outside. I'll take the key. Want to make sure Huckle's all right. He's all big guns in a scrap, but not so hot when it comes to ideas. Maybe that Beaver got close enough to slap him down."

"How about that head of yours?" asked Garrett. "Suppose I visit the beaches and you ask."

"This?" Dan interrupted. "Hell! Detecting is your job. I'm all right now."

"Well, keep your eyes open. That bird is quick. Suppose you tell those people that you've asked me to question 'em?"

"Well—okay," said Dan. "Look, I might bring Tiny and Buck up here to guard the house tonight."

Garrett shook his head thoughtfully. "I wouldn't. You and I can guard the wings from one man. Leave the beaches unguarded, and a dozen more could land without our knowing it. As things are they might get one of your men, but a single shot would warn us. We don't know the spy in the house, nor what he may pull off if he gets in touch with Beaver. We need outposts in case they break for one of the beaches."

"Wouldn't mind catching 'em together," muttered Dan.

They marched through the living room. Linklater and the servants eyed the sheet under Garrett's arm. No one spoke.

The workshop looked undisturbed. Garrett covered Osterhout's huddled body. Dan stacked Placer's rifle with the others. They returned to the living room. Dan relocked the workshop door and handed Garrett the key. Then, with an air of military precision, he faced the waiting household.

"Sorry to keep you folks up," he said, "but we have to learn a few details tonight. Mr. Garrett will take charge while I'm visitin' the beach posts."

Celia turned to face him, eyes like dark velvet against her pallor. Her voice shook a little.

"You've been hurt!" she exclaimed. "Pshaw! It was your idea to go outdoors again—and take all the risk."

"Reckon you're kinda upset," replied Dan in his grave way. "The beaches are my job. Mr. Garrett wanted—"

"—to get on with all this!" Garrett finished for him. "A number of questions want answers before anybody goes to bed. I needn't remind you of what has happened."

His curt tone stiffened them to resentment.

"If—if a man has been shot," said Linklater breathlessly, "I insist upon giving him medical attention!"

"He escaped," said Garrett, watching them all.

Nobody stirred. There was a momentary gleam in the doctor's bulging eyes. It might have been due to relief at the news that an accomplice had escaped—or simply to gratified malice. Garrett had a flash of insight. In his mental reactions, Linklater was half child, half frightened rat. That old scandal had left him unhinged—and all the more dangerous.

"Back soon," said Dan, and let himself quietly into the court. Garrett unlocked the workshop door, opened it and wheeled in the doorway his manner curt and impersonal.

"I'll take you first, Linklater," he said. "Will you step in here, please?"

The doctor jumped to his feet. "Why me?" he demanded.

"Why not?" asked Garrett. "Aren't you ready?"

"What d'you mean, ready? Can't you see I'm coming?"

Garrett took the key out, stood back for Linklater, then bolted the door behind him. A glance at the window found his handkerchief still in the broken pane. He eyed Linklater. The man had begun to jerk and glisten with fright.

"Just a few points," said Garrett more gently. "Have you any idea who killed Osterhout?"

"Not at all! I tell you—not the slightest!"

"I see. Now after you heard those shots, Doctor, why did you get fully dressed?"

(Continued on Page 22)

"Of course he wouldn't!" cried Celia. "Stop it! I won't have Dion bullied—"

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The Crime of Miss Ethel Maloney

By A. C. W. Allison

(Continued from Page 13)

flashlight and a couple of candles for light, while the storm still roared and grumbled mournfully outside. It seemed like six weeks before Jimmy got back from his telephoning, but it wasn't exactly minutes later than that before the sheriff and two of his deputies arrived and we all started answering loony questions. By that time the lights had come back on, and I mean they were welcome.

We all looked strange to each other when we blinked around again and it seemed to me that we all looked guilty. We certainly all looked suspicious, of each other, I mean. We all had the nasty, traitorous sort of feeling that we knew somebody in that bunch had clouted the poor old professor with that iron smoking-stand. There wasn't the slightest possibility that anybody from the outside, a prowling burglar for instance, could have done it. No such intruder could have got in from the balcony window upstairs. The back doors were locked fast and anybody entering the house would have had to come through the living-room, where something like twenty-four of us would have seen him. But we weren't even sure of the movements of all of our gang. There had been too much excitement and cruising around to keep track of them.

And Tiny Towers it began to appear before the sheriff's investigation had got off on one foot was the most likely bird who would have had an motive and time, particularly to lam the professor that cold whack on the head. Of course, today I thought he had meant to kill Van Aken, he hadn't meant to pick up the smoking stand at all, probably. But Tiny was quick-tempered and strong as an ox, and the professor certainly could be maddeningly sarcastic when he wanted to be.

The sheriff wasn't exactly a fool, any more than most cops are, city or country. His county took in the college town, a place of considerable size now, and the sheriff had a pretty good organization. Two men with a finger-printing outfit arrived in another car not long after the sheriff had started his prowling.

The sheriff wouldn't let anybody touch the professor pending the arrival of the coroner, but he looked long and carefully at his name was Wagoner, and he was a middle-aged bird with a face harder than six problems in calculus reinforced with concrete.

His experts took finger-prints of everybody, and blew aluminum powder all over the guest room where the professor lay, and were not a bit surprised when announcing that they had found the finger-prints of Tiny Towers on the window and on the iron smoking stand. Jimmy Lovelace's finger-prints and mine were on the window, too, but not on the smoking stand.

Why, great guns—of course," blustered Tiny. "I picked it up the first thing when we went in that room. And I opened the window because it was stuck and these boys couldn't budge it. You can ask them."

"Yeah, much obliged," said the sheriff. "I'll ask everybody a lot of things. Admit you were in that room right next to the room where you killed him, do you?"

Sure I was in there studying. What of it?"

"Admits he killed him," put in a deputy, taking notes.

I don't admit anything of the sort," shouted Tiny. "I didn't even know he was dead till I came downstairs."

"You didn't, eh?" said the sheriff, grinning nastily. "I suppose you heard the noise of a scuffle, didn't you, when the professor tried to fight off a 'burglar'? Now, didn't you?"

"I heard a noise in there, yes, not long before the lights went out. But I didn't pay any attention to it—it was just like somebody had knocked over a chair or something. There's a bathroom between the rooms—I couldn't have heard much. I was busy studying."

"Sure—you were busy studying how to cover up your tracks. Tried to open the balcony window so it would look like a prowler had come in—didn't you? —but you heard this young lady, Miss Cousins, coming and ducked back in your room. Been scrapping with the professor all evening, hadn't you? Sore at him because he panned you, because he said he was going to bar you from that game Saturday? Almost had a fight with him out on the grounds, didn't you?"

"Why, it's ridiculous," cried Cosette Cousins tearfully. "Anybody can tell you Mr. Towers couldn't have done such a ghastly thing."

You keep your trap closed, Miss, till you're asked to open it," ordered the sheriff grimly.

Tiny made a pass at the sheriff that would have laid him cool, if Cosette hadn't jumped in between them. She threw her arms around Tiny's neck and clung there, and he seemed a little surprised, and then he didn't seem to mind it at all.

Please, please," she begged him. "Don't do anything silly, dear."

"If he gets fresh like that again, Joe," said the sheriff to his deputy, "slap that billy on his head—hard."

Towers grinned. "Oh, I guess I won't hit you, Sheriff. I don't mind being accused of murder. It's not so bad."

Nobby Crafton, who was just about as much use around the premises now as a set comic valentine, kept telling the sheriff he was making a "grave mishtake," and that he ought to use scientific methods if he really wanted to find out the truth. Nobby was pretty tight, and he couldn't seem to take the situation at all seriously. He disappeared from the living-room about ten minutes and then wagged back in with an apparatus he had lifted from the psychology lab, and to which he has added improvements of his own. It was the psychological lie detector," a blood-pressure outfit to strap around the subject's arm and a recording device with a graduated column like a thermometer. To this Nobby had added a ping pong ball which jumped up and down in a tube and sometimes jumped entirely out of it when the subject told him too big a lie.

Shvery thing you want, Sheriff," insisted Nobby. "Try this ting once and since then you will try no other. You just ask that fellow Whalda you know about frien' o' Ethel Maloney."

Ethel Maloney?" exclaimed the sheriff suspiciously. "Who is Ethel Maloney?"

Never heard of Ethel Maloney," declared Nobby stoutly. "Who said anything about Ethel Maloney?"

You did."

Who?"

You, you sap."

Whash his name?"

He's drunk, Sheriff," explained the deputy obligingly.

You're telling me?" roared the sheriff. "Take him out and walk him around the house a hundred times—until he's sober enough to tell me what he knows about this Ethel Maloney. I knew there was a woman in this case."

You bet there is," said Cosette Cousins spiritedly. "Aren't I, Tiny?" she demanded, looking up at him confidently. "There's not any such woman as Ethel Maloney in your life, is there?"

My gosh, is everybody goofy or just me?" complained Tiny. "I never heard of any Ethel Maloney. Maybe she's one of Nobby's blind drags."

"Maloney? Boloney!" muttered Nobby as one of the sheriff's men pushed him out of the room. "Whoever heard of Ethel Maloney? Sheriff, Meesh is one sick if fool'd use my lie detector."

The sheriff said bluntly it was an open and shut case against Tiny Towers—on circumstantial evidence, opportunity, finger-prints, admission of damaging evidence and everything.

As soon as the coroner comes, son, we take you for a ride. Slip the cuffs on him, Joe—were not taking any chances."

The deputy, called Joe, applied the official chain to one of Tiny's wrists, in spite of indignant protests from Cosette.

You'll be sorry for this, Sheriff Wagoner," cried Cosette vehemently. "You just wait till my uncle hears about this—he's a friend of the governor's—"

"Won't let it worry you, sweetie," urged Tiny gently. "This sap hasn't got anything on me. If he had half a brain he wouldn't jump at the first easy conclusion—he'd get busy and find out who really killed the poor old goof."

Of course we'll prove you didn't," said Cosette, looking around apprehensively. "but it's frightful to think that somebody—"

Yeah, somebody in this very bunch knocked him off," supplied the sheriff. "You all know that's a fact, and there's no getting around it. And you all know there's only one man could have done it—this hairbrained boze Towers."

We'll see about that," said Cosette defiantly.

Hey, where you going?" demanded the sheriff as Cosette moved toward the stairs.

Upstairs. I suppose I've got a right to powder my nose, haven't I?"

Well, keep away from that room, you understand?"

The sheriff had posted a man at the door of the room where the professor was, so he seemed to think it safe to let Cosette go on up. We all got a thrill out of the girl's nerve in going up there at all, and Tiny tried to make her stay downstairs, but she wouldn't. There was a certain determined light in her eye.

The rest of us fidgeted downstairs while the sheriff waited impatiently for the coroner. A

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Children's Musterole is just good old Musterole in a milder form. It penetrates and stimulates local blood circulation and relieves pain. It's not a "counter-irritant" helpful in drawing out local congestion and pain.

Used by mothers for 25 years. Recommended by many doctors and nurses. All druggists. In three strengths: Regular Strength, Children's (mild), and Extra Strong. Tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau, No. 4867.

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DELIGHTFULLY rids your scalp of every speck of dandruff. A single application stops that miserable itching... A single bottle corrects annoying scalp irritations; lends softness and beauty to dull, lifeless hair, but positively does not discolor either hair or scalp. Use Lucky Tiger Hair Tonic and dandruff remover now and enjoy the tingle of new life and cleanliness. *At Druggists and Barbers.*

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Blackheads Curbed by New Beautifier

Thousands of women who formerly were miserable over a skin befouled with blackheads, whiteheads, large pores, and other blemishes, now rave about a new beautifier.

This remarkable preparation contains live oxygen that penetrates into the mouths of the pores, loosens fatty blackheads, and curbs their further formation.

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The name of this beautifier is Dioxogen Cream. It is the only preparation in the world containing Dioxogen and is Approved by Good Housekeeping.

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Keep a tube handy! Apply it when you first feel pain. But be sure it's "Ben-Gay," the only true Baume Analgésique.

RUB PAIN AWAY WITH **BAUME "BEN-GAY"**

Sea Shroud

by Sinclair Gluck

(Continued from Page 18)

"I was nervous. I—I thought I might be needed—"

"Then you expected more trouble? This murder?"

"No, no! I thought anything might happen! I—just couldn't sleep." Linklater flicked him with a glance of timid cunning. "We all—wondered where you were, when it happened."

Garrett smiled. "You told Brice and me that you had not been out since dinner. Your coat is soaked. It was dry before dinner. Crossing the court couldn't soak it like that. How did you get it so damp?"

Linklater felt his own shoulders and sleeves, gasped and fingered his mouth. "I didn't!" he croaked. "I don't know! I didn't hurt Lorin! He's the only friend I've got. I haven't been out of the house since dinner! If you don't believe me, and stop asking questions, I'll—"

"What?" asked Garrett gently.

"I don't know. But I haven't been out, I swear!"

"Well then, why did you try to kill me this afternoon?"

Linklater gulped. "I t-told you that was an accident!"

"We're sending for a detective, you know, Doctor. If you don't tell the truth he'll make you sweat. Your story looks full of holes. I'll have to tell him all this years of yours."

"Maybe you will and maybe you won't," mumbled Linklater thickly. "I mean—leave me alone, will you?"

Garrett studied him for a moment. "Look here, Doc," he said at last. "If you keep on trying to kill me, you'll get yourself in trouble. And if you succeed, I won't be here to catch the man who killed your friend."

"I—I want to go to bed," muttered Linklater.

"That's a good idea. What time did you go to sleep tonight—when you first retired?"

"I went to bed before ten and read a little while. There was nobody to play chess with or anything."

"Who was in the living room when you left it?"

"Nobody. Celia and Mrs. Mallow had gone to bed."

"So you went to bed and finally got to sleep—with your window open and your door locked, eh?"

"Of course my window was open. I never lock my door."

"Thanks, Doc. Now just to avoid confusion, will you stay in your room from now on tonight? I'll take your word."

"Well, of course, I will!" Linklater fretted. "All I need is plenty of sleep! Staying up makes my head hurt."

"Sure. When this is over, you'll feel all right." Garrett unbolted the door. "Go through the living room. Now then. Well, good night, Doctor!"

"Good night." Linklater hesitated, and stepped near. "You watch that Brisson!" he whispered. "There's a bad man!"

He entered the living room, shaking his head. They all watched his big figure as it ambled away down the hall.

"Will you come in next, Mrs. Mallow?" asked Garrett politely. "You must be tired."

The woman rose, entered the workshop and submitted to being locked in. Her bold, unhappy eyes rested for a moment on the sheeted figure. Then she faced Garrett stiffly.

"Well?" she inquired in a harsh voice. "What is it?"

"Have you any idea who killed Osterhout?"

"I have not!"

"Or how it was done?"

"Don't you even know that? They say he was stabbed."

"Behind bolted doors and windows?" asked Garrett.

"What nonsense! I don't care to play riddles. If you have anything sensible to ask me, please be quick about it."

"We almost ran into Mr. Vane. He was sort of creeping along the wall."

"What time did you first retire tonight, Mrs. Mallow?"

"About half-past nine or ten, I believe."

"Was there anyone else in the living room at that time?"

"Yes, Doctor Linklater. And Celia was there, too. She went to bed when I did. We crossed the court together."

"Have you been outside the building at all tonight?"

"Of course I haven't! Are you light-headed?"

"I believe the ladies' room is outside the building?"

"I haven't been out," retorted Mrs. Mallow grimly.

"In your opinion, is there anyone here who had a motive for killing Osterhout?" Garrett persisted.

"I haven't the slightest idea, young man."

"Thanks," said Garrett politely. "What time did you first go to sleep, Mrs. Mallow?"

"Does anyone ever know that? About ten-thirty."

"You heard nothing until those shots waked you?"

"What was there to hear? You're talking nonsense!"

"How do you know there was nothing to hear—if you were asleep?" Garrett pounced on her.

"Because nothing waked me, you fool!" exclaimed the woman with sudden violence. "If you keep on twisting my words around, I'll have no more truck with you!"

"I beg your pardon," Garrett smiled. "Have you any idea what time it was, when the shots waked you?"

"Yes. I looked at my watch. It was eleven-ten."

"Thanks," said Garrett. "I'll let you out this way. Please go straight to your room and stay there." He unbolted the door into the court and held it open.

Mrs. Mallow was bristling. "Young man!" she demanded. "By what right do you order me around?"

"The right of guarding your life," said Garrett. "If you wander about tonight, you may easily get yourself shot."

The woman stared for an instant, then swept past him into the mist. He listened until he heard her French window open and close with a savage clatter.

Bolting the court door again, Garrett opened the other and beckoned to Susan. She rose and joined him gracefully, dropping her eyes when he locked the door behind her.

Her answers were demure. She had no idea who killed Osterhout—did not think anyone had a motive. He was so kind.

"Have you been outside the building tonight, Susan?" Garrett inquired pleasantly.

"No-o. Well, just for a minute," she flushed.

"Beg pardon. Of course, you went out alone, Susan?"

"Well, of course, sir!"

"And about what time was that, Susan?"

"Oh, sir, I don't know. About nine, I think."

"Any idea what time you got back to your room?"

The lashes fluttered over violet eyes. "Why, sir, I s-suppose a little later," faltered Susan.

"About two hours later, wasn't it?"

"Oh, sir, what—makes you think I was out so long?"

"I know you were. Why did you lie about it?"

Susan's pretty mouth trembled. "Oh, sir, now you're angry with me! Please don't be s-severe—"

"Cut it out!" Garrett told her disgustedly. "This is a case of murder. Talk, or I'll have you arrested. You weren't alone. Who did you meet and how long were you outdoors?"

"I met Monsieur Brisson, if you want to know!" Susan flared defiantly. "We went for a stroll. There's no harm in that. He's polite to a girl—"

"A pretty girl? Well, what time did you get in?"

"About a quarter to eleven, sir, both of us."

"Where did you stroll, Susan?"

"Out there a little way." She pointed toward the broken window, and dimpled. "There's no one about on that side."

"Did you happen to see anyone else at all, Susan?"

"Yes, sir. We almost ran into Mr. Vane."

"Oh? What was he doing out there? Was he alone?"

"Yes, sir. He was sort of creeping along the wall."

"What time was this?"

"I think about ten-thirty, sir. It kind of upset me, and I made Pierre bring me in soon after."

"That was tough on Pierre."

"Yes, sir," replied Susan demurely. "He was annoyed."

"You didn't see anyone else outdoors tonight?"

"I never noticed, sir. Pierre is most interesting."

"Guess he told you that Osterhout's invention failed."

"Oh, no, sir! He said it was worth—" Susan broke off and her hand started up to her mouth. Garrett saw a flash of terror in her pretty eyes. She lowered them swiftly. "He said it was worth while," she added through stiff lips.

"I thought it was a flop," said Garrett carelessly. "You came in at ten-thirty—and went straight to bed, eh?"

Susan exhaled with care. The laces at her breast rose and fell less hurriedly. "Yes, sir. Of course—I did."

"Alone, I suppose?"

"Yes, Mr. Garrett! Why—I'm surprised at you!"

"Are you? I'll let you out into the court now. You go straight, to your room and stay there. If you roam around any more tonight, you may get your pretty little head blown off." He unbolted the door and held it open for her. "Scat!"

Susan scatted thankfully. A nervous giggle floated back. He heard her appropriate French window open and close.

The next person he summoned was Brisson.

The chef entered and stood waiting while Garrett locked them in. Garrett turned sharply and caught a dangerous glint in the Frenchman's dark eyes. It vanished at once.

Affecting not to notice it, he put the usual questions.

Brisson replied quietly and readily. He knew nothing about the murder. Osterhout seemed much loved by everyone. It was impossible that anyone in his household had murdered him.

Garrett studied the dark, saturnine face. For a chef, it looked very competent and formidable—and very intelligent.

"I've just had a chat with Susan, as you know," said Garrett. "She tells me you were outdoors together tonight. I wish you'd tell me what time you went out, where you went, and when you returned to the house, Brisson."

"She did not tell you those things, Monsieur?"

"I'd like to have you tell me," Garrett smiled.

"Very good, Monsieur. With pleasure. We left about nine, strolled over that way, and returned about ten-thirty."

"Quite a stroll," said Garrett soberly. "Why there?"

"Because on the south side, others pass more often."

"So few people notice the points of the compass," said Garrett. "I congratulate you, Pierre."

"Thank you, Monsieur. I have been a—marin—"

"Sailor? I see. Did anyone pass on the north side?"

"Yes, Monsieur. Young Monsieur Vane has passed."

"What was he doing? Was he alone?"

"Yes, alone. He walks—walked close to the house."

"Was he carrying anything in his hand, Pierre?"

"I cannot say, Monsieur. He has gone se quickly."

"Slipped away in the mist, did he? And when you got in, did you find Sako in bed?"

"In bed and very well asleep, Monsieur!"

"I'm glad somebody got some sleep," Garrett laughed. "Now to get back to this dirty murder. Of course, we've got to look for motives. Mr. Osterhout was a brilliant man, but I got the idea that his airship had proved a failure. Susan tells me I'm wrong. She says you told her the plans were worth—how much did you say, Pierre?"

Brisson was looking at the floor. After an instant he wheeled and started to pace back and forth thoughtfully.

"Piana, Monsieur?" he reflected. "I do not recall that I mentioned plans. From the talk at table and out in the kitchen, I understood the airship model had performed well its flight. We discussed it, Susan and I. As a man will, I told her that such an invention should be worth—oh, much money."

Brisson had lengthened his beat to and fro. Garrett thrust both hands in his side pockets, rocking on his heels.

"How much did you say, Pierre?"

"A million dollars, I think," laughed the Frenchman.

"Something like twenty-five million francs," Garrett observed. "Well, well! A lot of men—and women, too—would commit murder for a sum like that! Tell me, Pierre. Were you kind of interested in that million dollars, you and Susan?"

Brisson had drawn close to the inner wall. Like a striking snake his hand shot out for the nearest rifle.

CHAPTER XIX.
Getting Nowhere.

"DROP it!" said Garrett sharply. "You're covered."

Brisson wheeled, his outflung hand rising evenly to smooth his hair in a gesture almost unbroken.

"Monsieur is quick," he smiled thinly, "but agitates himself without cause. Pardon Monsieur was saying?"

"My mistake," said Garrett. "I just asked whether you and Susan were interested in that money."

Brisson's thin nostrils quivered. Otherwise he seemed unmoved. "For ourselves, *io*, Monsieur. Susan is a your girl, a little gatee — spoiled— but nothing worse. I have erved Monsieur Osterhout for any years. He was my good frind. If you wish to accuse us of this murder, step out in the gen and show the proof. It isay challenge!"

"Now who getting agitated?" Garrett drwled. "I'm not accusing anye—yet. Just asking questions. Osterhout was murdered in his workshop, behind bolted des. One of the windows cou be opened from the outside last night and again tonight, a go strolling under that window You believe his invention tworth a fortune. When I mean that fact, you try to shoo ce. I think you'd better talk'

"S there is nothing to say. I didot kill Monsieur Osterhout. Sus did not do it. We know nthing about it."

There'll be a hard-boiled dezive out here tomorrow. May- you'd rather have him take u apart?"

"I do not fear your detective, nsieur—nor you."

"That's fine," said Garrett. "I jst hate to think what he'll do t Susan—unless one of you confesses first."

Brisson's handsome mouth srved in a smile, but the look in is eyes made Garrett watch him ertly.

"As we are innocent, why ould we confess? You are

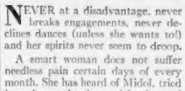
(Continued on Page 23)

Smart!

NEVER at a disadvantage, never breaks engagements, never declines dances (unless she wants to) and her spirits never seem to droop.

A smart woman does not suffer needless pain certain days of every month. She has heard of Midol, tried it, and proved to her satisfaction and joy that Midol *does* relieve periodic pain and discomfort.

Must you favor yourself, and save yourself, certain days of every month? Midol might give you back those days you have had to be so careful. You can get Midol in a trim little aluminum case at any drug store. It isn't a narcotic, so why not try it?



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SKIN'S ROUGH... FLAKY
IN FROM A RIDE
SMOOTH ALREADY ...THANKS TO PONDS VANISHING CREAM!
OUT FOR A DANCE
MORE OF THAT BLESSED CREAM... FOR EXTRA SOFTENING
HOME AGAIN

THE MINUTE SKIN GETS CHAPPED

Melt it Smooth

Mrs. Richard C. du Pont

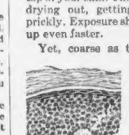
lovely young Society aviator, says: "Pond's Vanishing Cream melts away every bit of chapping and keeps my skin extraordinarily smooth—even on windy days!"

IT'S FUN to go out—have a good time in the open air. But, oh, what it does to your skin!

One look in the mirror and you see—every inch of your face rough with chappings. But never mind—there's a way to melt them off *instantly*.

Chappings, flaky patches, roughnesses like that, are nothing but particles scuffing the top of your skin. They're always drying out, getting stiff and prickly. Exposure shrivels them up even faster.

Yet, coarse as they are, a



Cross-section of the outer skin (epidermis) showing how dried-out particles on top scuff loose, make it rough.

keratolytic cream (Vanishing Cream) can melt them into fine, smooth texture. A leading dermatologist himself says:

"The minute a keratolytic cream (Vanishing Cream) is applied, coarse dried-out cells melt away. This brings smooth, fresh skin into view. Vanishing Cream, regularly applied, also preserves the skin's natural moisture, helps to prevent further chappings."

The thing to use

So you see, there's good reason for Pond's Vanishing Cream being the "grandest powder base ever." It makes the skin so smooth (and so quickly!) that you need never go another day with a rough skin—a mussy, uneven make-up.

For a smooth make-up — First, smooth away every powder-catching roughness with Pond's Vanishing Cream. Just a light film does it. Then your skin looks satiny, youthfully soft — won't chap. Make-up goes on with a "beauty-salon" finish!

Overnight for lasting softness— Every night after your usual cleansing, put on Pond's Vanishing Cream liberally. Leave it on. It won't show—it won't smear the pillowcase! Next morning, you see a big difference in your skin—much softer and finer textured.

Get a jar of Pond's Vanishing Cream today. Make *your* skin smooth!

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Sea Shroud by Sinclair Gluck

(Continued from Page 22)

wrong, Monsieur. You must look elsewhere. I do not think your detective will harm Susan. We shall not permit that. Now, has Monsieur finished? I am sleepy and tired—"

"You don't look it," said Garrett dryly. "All right, Pierre. Suit yourself. I'll let you into the court. Please go to your room and don't leave it again tonight. I know you wouldn't hurt anybody, but you might get shot yourself." He unbolted the court door and held it open.

"Monsieur is perhaps, more humorous than he intends," said Brisson as he passed. "Good night, Monsieur."

"Night, Pierre," Garrett called after him. "Happy dreams of wealth!"

He closed the door and bolted it absently. There was no real case against the Frenchman or Susan either; just motive and doubtful opportunity; no material proof. At best they were possible suspects—like most of the others.

After thinking a moment, Garrett went to the living-room door, opened it and beckoned to Sako. Vane and Celia turned their heads to watch, as the Japanese moved politely into the workshop. Garrett locked the door behind him.

"Now, Sako," he began, "Mr. Osterhout was murdered in here tonight, as you know. Having been with him so long, you must want him avenged. He can't tell us who did it. He lies there, forever silenced. Have you any idea who killed him?"

The houseboy shook his head sorrowfully. "So many bad men among this world, please! How I picking him out?"

"Between ourselves," said Garrett slowly, "there's reason to believe that it wasn't a man from outside. He came later. Brice and I think it was somebody on the island, somebody right in this household, who murdered your employer."

"Oh! You say so? I feeling great surprise now!" Sako's polite black eyes darted about the room, rested for a moment on the sheeted figure and returned to Garrett's face.

"What makes you surprised at that, Sako?"

"All people here loving him, I think, please."

"That's what I wanted to ask you," Garrett explained. "Is there anyone here who did not like him, or who had a reason to kill him? You know more than we do about these people."

"Ss. That a hard one, I think. My mind badly empty to help you. Please, you talk all these people. But nobody liking to say about that business?"

"Correct," said Garrett dryly. "Nobody liking to say. Do you suspect anyone? Think, Sako."

"Sorry, please," replied the houseboy. "I not thinking anybody here like to kill that brave man of high goodness."

"Well, maybe you can help us in other ways," Garrett suggested. "What time did you go to bed, Sako?"

"First time, nine o'clock."

"Was Brisson in bed then?"

"Oh! Oh, oh!" the houseboy smiled. "Brisson not home! Frenchman are butterfly, please. Like to sometimes flap wings near female flower. Oh, oh! I think so."

"Did you hear him come in?" laughed Garrett.

"Not so! Middle-age house moth liking to sleep better!"

"When those shots woke you up—was he in bed then?"

"I wait to think! Oh! Not in bed then! Coming in window pretty soon. Oh, oh, bright eyes!"

Garrett frowned. "How long after the shots did he come in the window, Sako?"

"Not long time. I think, two minutes."

"Did he say anything to you?"

"Oh, yes, please. Asking me if hearing shots. I say so. I getting up quickly then. So, we going into court."

"Then he wasn't dressed when he came in the window?"

"Oh, no, please. Wearing night-gown inside overcoat."

"Did he say where he'd been, when he came in the window? Where he had heard the shots?"

"Not so," the houseboy smiled. "Both go that way for toilet. Maybe down there. I think so."

"You think he'd gone down to the outhouse? Were his day-clothes in the room then?"

"I wait to think, please. Oh, yes! Clothing there."

Garrett waited to think, himself. Suppose Brisson had murdered Osterhout, while out with Susan. All the facts could be made to fit, with a little crowding.

After the murder, the Frenchman had left Susan, gone to his room and undressed. With his overcoat on top of his nightshirt, he had tried for the spare rifle to signal with, and been scared away. He had gone around the house to Osterhout's window, taken his rifle and fired the shots.

Then he had replaced the rifle, heard Garrett coming and run through the living room into the court. He had slammed the door of the left wing, gone out the dining-room window and climbed in his own. It could have been done in two minutes.

On the other hand, there was one definite argument against this theory. The man who had killed Osterhout was no fool. Yet Brisson had not silenced the Jap, with his damning evidence. A clever man would have foreseen that Sako would be roused by the shots, and would catch him coming in the window.

Supposing Brisson the murderer, he had been a fool not to kill or buy off the houseboy.

Garrett kept an open mind. Sako might be lying.

"By the way," he smiled at the Jap, "do you think anyone in the house might have had a—money grudge against Mr. Osterhout? He was a generous man, wasn't he? Weren't you able to save a good deal—on the wages he paid you?"

For the fraction of a second the houseboy's slanting eyes dropped to Garrett's hands, then to his pockets.

"Oh, yes, please," replied Sako, looking up with his ready smile. "From long term of years I saving much money. No money trouble here. He very generous man. I think so."

"Well, I give it up," said Garrett. "Thanks, Sako. That's all. To bed with you. Here, you can go through the court. Better stay in your room all night. With that killer about, we may have trouble. Good night."

The houseboy stepped out into the mist, smiling.

"Good night, please," he called back. "I wait to see."

"Now what the hell did he mean by that?" muttered Garrett, as he locked and bolted the court door for the last time. "He'd wait to see who I caught—or whether I had a good night?" Garrett laughed suddenly. "Or whether his money is gone!"

After a glance at the broken window, Garrett unlocked the living-room door. Dan had just stepped in from the court, his leather coat glistening with moisture. Vane and Celia were on their feet, the girl smiling at Dan. She heard Garrett and turned quickly, her smile fading.

Locking the workshop, Garrett juggled the key in his hand, his thoughtful regard on Celia.

"Is there a duplicate of this key?" he asked.

"I believe not," she answered coldly. "Mr. Mallow always borrowed that from—my—uncle—" Her tone grew unsteady.

"Then you keep this, Brice. Tell you why later." He tossed the key over. Dan caught it with lithe ease.

"Sit down." Garrett told the young people brusquely. "Won't keep you long. Then you can get to bed."

Celia obeyed, but leaned forward as though she wished she hadn't. Vane merely raised one eyebrow.

Ignoring him, Garrett straddled a chair and crossed his arms on the back of it, his impersonal regard on Celia.

"Miss Camray," he began, "will you tell me everything you did and saw tonight, from nine o'clock on? Any check I can get on where the others were will help us."

"Very well," she answered. "After you—left, Dion got fed up with the living room and went out. I stayed and read for a while. About nine, Sako came over and asked whether we wanted anything. We said no. He said good night. I think he went to bed. A while later, Mrs. Mallow packed up her sewing and got ready to leave. I crossed the court with her—"

"Why?" Garrett interrupted. "You don't like her."

"What difference does that make? I was sleepy—"

"Anything may help. You wouldn't naturally go with Mrs. Mallow. Didn't you want to be alone with Linklater?"

Celia's eyes opened wide. Their beauty and subtle innocence made Garrett scowl. At his quick frown she looked startled, then resentful. Vane coughed negligently.

"Why—why, no," the girl admitted. "I can't imagine how you guessed, but—he gives me the creeps—"

"Do you mean—personally?"

"No. Oh, no! I mean, he's sort of strange—"

"I see. You went straight to your room and to bed?"

"Yes."

"Did you go right to sleep?"

"No. I read. I was still reading when I heard those shots. Then I put on a dressing gown and came out in the court. After we went back to our rooms I put my light out, but I never got to sleep. I was awake when you knocked."

"From nine-thirty on, did you hear anyone moving about while you were in your room?"

"A few minutes before the shots, I thought I heard somebody outside my window. I don't know who was prowling—"

"I was," Garrett smiled faintly. "Saw your light."

"Oh! Well, just a minute before you knocked I heard somebody else near my window, or thought I did—"

Garrett sat up, with a glance at Dan. "That's queer. Just before I knocked on your window I found everybody else in their rooms. Are you sure you heard someone?"

"I've told you. I thought I did. I can't be sure."

Garrett drew a slow breath and leaned forward again.

"I see. Miss Camray, I've picked up a lot of queer facts tonight, but nothing conclusive. Have you any idea of your own who committed this crime?"

"But I thought—that man who hit Dan's head—"

"Suppose it was somebody here in the house who did it. Does anyone come into your mind?"

"No," answered the girl rather forlornly. "No one."

"All right. That's all, thanks. Guess you'd better get back to bed. Brice, will you—"

"I'm not sleepy any more," Celia interrupted. "I'd rather wait. May I?" Her tone was almost humble.

Garrett looked at her sharply. Celia looked down.

"I suppose so," he grumbled. Vane coughed again. "You may find the conversation painful," Garrett added grimly.

"Then I won't listen," replied Celia innocently.

"All right," Garrett dismissed her. "Now, Vane, I've got a few questions to ask you—"

"I've no queer facts to give you," Vane drawled, "and what's the use of all this? Are you getting anywhere?"

"With your help, we may," replied Garrett dryly. "By tomorrow night we'll have a detective out here. He'll put us all over the jumps. If we can catch our man first, and simply hand him over, so much the better for the rest of us. So keep your hair on, and help us if you can."

"Well, what do you want to know?"

"When I came up from the beach last night, you were trailing somebody through the mist. Who was it?"

Vane hesitated. "I don't know," he said at last.

"Well, who do you think it was?"

"I tell you, I don't know who it was."

"Listen," said Garrett harshly, "your benefactor has been—killed. We're trying to avenge him and possibly save more lives. You're behaving like a child. This is serious. Who do you think you were trailing?"

"I really don't know," said Vane with composure. "For nights, somebody had been prowling away from the house. Trouble is, I'm sure it wasn't always the same person. Sometimes I'd get a glimpse of a figure moving toward the east beach. Other

(Continued on Page 25)

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Recipes Readers Request

Veal, Pork and Beef Loaf.

HAVE your butcher select 2 pounds good round steak, 2 pounds veal and 1 pound lean pork. Look at it to be sure that you get just the quality you wish. Pass it through the meat grinder two or three times, using the finest grinder. Soak ½ loaf graham bread crumbs in cold water or tomato juice to cover 5 or 10 minutes. Squeeze dry and combine crumbs with the ground meat, 2 beaten eggs, 1 tablespoon onion juice, 1½ tablespoons salt and ¼ teaspoon pepper. Add ¼ cup melted butter. Pack lightly into two greased loaf bread pans. Lay three or four slices of bacon on each loaf and bake in a rather quick oven. Chill and slice. This is very good with tomato salad.

Boston Baked Beans.

A YOUNG college boy who believes his semi-invalid mother of preparing the Sunday evening meal gives this much-sought-after recipe for baked beans: Soak 1 quart pea beans over night in cold water to cover. Wash them and parboil with ½ teaspoon soda in boiling water until they are about tender. Rinse again, put in a bean pot, add 1 teaspoon mustard, 1 tablespoon salt, a few grains pepper, 4 tablespoons molasses, 1 tablespoon onion juice (if desired), 1 cup strained tomato pulp (if desired) and ½ pound piece of fat salt pork that has been washed and scalded. Cover with boiling water, put on a close-fitting lid, bring slowly to the boiling point, and let stand on the rim of the furnace all day or bake in a slow oven about 8 hours. (The student who gave the recipe found, after several experiments, that a very uniform slow heat could be found near the furnace without any expense.)

Helen's Husband
I'VE GOT TO GET SOME SLEEP!
HE COULDN'T GET TO SLEEP AT NIGHT
HONESTLY, HONEY, I'M JUST ABOUT AT THE END OF MY ROPE. THESE SLEEPLESS NIGHTS ARE GETTING THE BEST OF ME... COMPLETELY!
DAN, I SIMPLY CAN'T BEAR TO SEE YOU THIS WAY. IT'S REALLY GETTING SERIOUS.
ON THE WAY TO THE OFFICE
MY DEAR, HAVE YOU SEEN DAN BARKER LATELY? THEY SAY HE JUST CAN'T GET A DECENT NIGHT'S SLEEP... LOOKS MORE LIKE HELEN'S FATHER THAN HER HUSBAND.
I KNOW--HE'S CHANGED TERRIBLY. I DON'T SEE HOW SHE STANDS IT--SHE STAYS SO YOUNG AND HAS SUCH LOADS OF PEP HERSELF.
GOOD GRIEF! THEY MEAN ME!
THAT NIGHT
THERE'S NO USE FOOLING MYSELF ANY LONGER, I'M NO GOOD AT THE OFFICE--AND IT'S EVEN GOTTEN TO THE POINT WHERE PEOPLE ARE FEELING SORRY FOR YOU.
WELL, HONEY--I'M GOING TO TALK TO LAURA TYLER TOMORROW. SHE'S SURE TO KNOW SOMETHING TO DO.
NEXT DAY
...AND YOU SAY ALL I NEED TO DO IS GIVE HIM OVALTINE MIXED WITH HOT MILK JUST BEFORE HE GOES TO BED?
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THAT NIGHT DAN TRIES OVALTINE
SAY, HELEN, THIS CERTAINLY TASTES GREAT. WHAT DID YOU SAY IT WAS?
IT'S OVALTINE AND LAURA TYLER SAYS IT HELPS PEOPLE SLEEP LIKE 2-YEAR-OLDS--SO NOW HURRY ALONG TO BED.
A FEW MINUTES LATER
WELL--LOOK AT THAT! ASLEEP ALREADY!
NEXT MORNING
HONEY, I FEEL WONDERFUL--SLEPT LIKE A TOP. YOU CERTAINLY DESERVE A MILLION DOLLARS FOR FINDING OUT ABOUT OVALTINE.
DARLING, HAVING YOU LIKE YOUR OLD SELF AGAIN IS REWARD ENOUGH FOR ME!
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Kitchen Bouquet

Shall We Have Fish on Friday

By Mary Lee Swann,
The Well-Known Writer and Lecturer on Cooking.

Baked Stuffed Bluefish.

CAREFULLY clean a bluefish of medium size and sprinkle inside and out with salt and paprika. Stuff with a well seasoned bread or cracker stuffing and place the fish on a greased fish rack in a greased baking pan. Dot with bits of butter, dredge lightly with flour and bake nearly 1 hour in a hot oven. A little hot water containing butter or drippings may be used to baste the fish from time to time. Serve hot with Hollandaise sauce or lemon butter.

Bread Crumb Stuffing.

MIX 2 cups soft bread crumbs, ¼ cup melted butter, 1 teaspoon salt, a few grains pepper, a few drops onion juice, ½ cup minced celery and, if you like the flavor, 1 teaspoon minced parsley. Moisten with a little hot water, fish stock or tomato juice.

Haddock Matelote.

REMOVE skin and slice 2 or 3 pounds haddock. Finely chop 4 or 5 small onions. Cook them with the fish in 6 tablespoons butter or butter substitute until delicately browned. Add ¼ cup flour, 1 teaspoon salt and a few grains pepper and blend well. Then add ½ cup weak vinegar or vinegar diluted with water, 1 teaspoon sugar, a small piece of bay leaf, 1 small stalk of celery and 1 clove, and 1½ cups well seasoned soup stock. Simmer gently about ½ hour. Serve with a garnish of crisp parsley and toast triangles.

Baked Fish (Norfolk Style).

SPRINKLE 2 or 3 pounds sliced haddock or halibut with salt and pepper and lemon juice. Lay the fish on a greased baking dish. Sprinkle with finely chopped pepper and onion (using about 1 green pepper and 1 small onion). Sprinkle generously with buttered crumbs. Add a little water or milk and bake in a moderate oven until fish is tender and crumbs are brown.

Scalloped Fish.

HAVE ready 3 cups of flaked cooked fish. Melt 2 tablespoons butter, add 2 tablespoons flour and blend well. Add a few grains pepper, 1 teaspoon salt, and 2 cups milk and stir constantly until creamy and smooth. Add ½ teaspoon celery salt and a few drops onion juice and the flaked fish. Pour into a buttered shallow baking dish, sprinkle with 1 cup buttered bread crumbs (allow about 2 tablespoons butter to each cup of crumbs) and brown in a rather hot oven. Serve immediately.

Haddock Baked With Cheese Sauce.

MELT 3 tablespoons butter and add 2 tablespoons flour, ½ teaspoon salt and a few grains pepper. Blend well and add 2 cups milk and stir constantly until creamy and smooth. Add 2 cups grated cheese and stir over hot water until cheese is melted. Place haddock fillets in a greased baking pan and pour the cheese sauce over the fish. Bake in a moderate oven, or at about 350 degrees, about ½ hour or until fish is tender. Serve immediately.

Fish and Vegetable Casserole.

HAVE ready 2 cups flaked cooked or canned codfish, salmon, haddock, crabmeat, lobster, shrimp or halibut. Combine with ½ cup soft bread crumbs, ½ cup grated cheese, 1 cup peas, 1 teaspoon salt, a few grains pepper, 1 tablespoon finely chopped pimiento, 1 tablespoon onion juice, ½ cup cooked lima beans, 3 beaten eggs and 1½ cups milk. Turn into a greased casserole dish. Set in a pan of hot water and bake in a slow oven, or at about 350 degrees, for 1½ hours or until firm in center. Serve with or without cream sauce, mushroom sauce or favorite vegetable sauce.

Fried Fillets of Fish.

CUT fillets of halibut, bass or flounder in pieces of uniform shape and size. Rub with a cut onion and sprinkle with melted butter and lemon juice. Drain, roll in flour, then in slightly diluted egg (2 egg to 1 tablespoon water), and then in fine bread crumbs. Fry in hot deep fat about 6 or 7 minutes. Drain on unglazed paper. Serve with highly seasoned sauce tartare or tomato Bearnaise sauce.

Baked Spanish Mackerel.

MIX 1 pint bread crumbs, 1 tablespoon onion juice, 1 tablespoon finely chopped bacon or 1 tablespoon butter, ½ teaspoon minced green pepper, a few grains pepper and a little paprika. Spread on a mackerel of medium size prepared as for broiling. Place a thin slice of bacon on the dressing. Fold over the fish and lay 2 or 3 slices of bacon on the fish. Place on a greased fish rack in a greased baking pan and bake about ½ hour in a hot oven, or at about 425 degrees, basting frequently with drippings in the pan. Serve immediately with savory sauce and a garnish of lemon cups.

Baked Halibut With Tomato Sauce.

COOK 2 cups tomatoes, 1 cup water, 1 slice onion, 2 or 3 cloves and ½ tablespoon sugar for 2 minutes. Melt 3 tablespoons butter, add 3 tablespoons flour and blend well. Add the hot mixture and 1 teaspoon salt and a few grains pepper and cook about 10 minutes or until thick, stirring constantly. Strain. Place 2 pounds carefully cleaned halibut (any other white fish) in greased baking pan, pour around about ½ the sauce and bake about 35 minutes, basting frequently with the liquid in the pan. Remove to a hot platter, pour around the remaining sauce, garnish with crisp parsley and serve immediately.

Brook Trout (Chef's Style).

CAREFULLY clean fresh brook trout. Ten minutes before serving bring well seasoned fish stock to boiling point in a shallow saucepan. Drop the trout into the boiling liquid. Boil 1 minute and then simmer about 5 minutes. Drain, place on a napkin, garnish with crisp parsley and serve with Hollandaise sauce.

Frog's Hind Legs.

TRIM and clean carefully. Sprinkle with salt and pepper. Dip in crumbs, slightly diluted egg and again in crumbs. Then fry 3 minutes in hot deep fat. Drain on unglazed paper and serve immediately.

Boiled Salmon.

TIE a piece of salmon in clean cheesecloth and cook in salted water until tender and flesh leaves the bone. Do not overcook. Remove from liquid and remove cheesecloth. Place on a hot platter, garnish with slices of lemon and crisp parsley. Serve with egg sauce or Hollandaise sauce.

Oyster Stuffing.

COMBINE 1 quart oysters, 1 quart dry bread crumbs, a few grains pepper, 2 teaspoons salt and ½ cup melted butter. Use as stuffing for fish or fowl.

Baked Ham.

SELECT a small lean ham. Wash carefully, sprinkle with soda and scrub with a stiff brush. Rinse in cold water and place in a large saucepan or kettle with a small piece of cinnamon, ⅓ teaspoon celery seed, 6 peppercorns and 1 quart of sweet apple cider. Cover with boiling water and simmer gently 5 or 6 hours or until tender. When cool remove from water, remove skin and sprinkle ham generously with brown or granulated sugar, brush with beaten egg and sprinkle generously with bread crumbs. Decorate with whole cloves and brown in oven. Slice when cold.

Appetizing Menus for the Week

By Mary Lee Swann

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*
Canned Peaches, Whole Grain Cereal, Poached Eggs, Bacon Curls, Date Bran Muffins, Coffee.	Apple Sauce, Cereal, Frizzled Dried Beef, Quick Sally Lunn, Coffee.	Pineapple Juice, Hot Cereal, French Toast, Marmalade, Coffee.	Stewed Apricots, Cereal, Soft Cooked Eggs, Melba Toast, Coffee.	Sliced Bananas, Cereal, Raw Potato Pancakes, Broiled Bacon, Coffee.	Pineapple, Cereal, Scrambled Eggs, Melba Toast, Coffee.	Apricots, Cereal, Coddled Eggs, Melba Toast, Coffee.
Luncheon	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon (Company)*	*Dinner*
Spinach and Noodles, French Rolls, Red and White Cabbage Salad, Stuffed Prunes, Tea or Cocoa.	Asparagus on Toast, Baked Potatoes with Paprika Butter, Fruit Blanc Mange.	Emergency Soup (Left-Over Vegetables), Shrimp and Tomato Surprise, Whole Wheat Icebox Rolls, Hot Fruit Punch.	Hot Tomato Juice, Canned Shad Roe with Bacon, Muffins, Vegetable Salad, French Dressing, Fruit Whip.	Welsh Rarebit on Toast, Jellied Salad, Jelly Jumbles, Cocoa or Tea.	Lobster and Oyster Ragout, Bread Croustades, Green Peas, Vegetable Salad, French Dressing, Icebox Rolls, One-Two-Three Dessert, Coffee.	Emergency Bouillon (Left Overs), Roast Guinea Hen or Chicken, Wild Rice, Sweet Potato Croquettes, Buttered Green Vegetable, Asparagus Salad, Chives French Dressing, Gold Sponge Balls with Peach Sauce.
Dinner	*Dinner*	*Dinner (Company)*	*Dinner (Company)*	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Supper*
Salmon Loaf, Egg Sauce, Broccoli with Lemon Butter, Steamed Potatoes, Grapefruit Salad, French Dressing, Upside Down Gingerbread.	Pork Spareribs with Sauerkraut, Chantilly Potatoes or Candied Sweet Potatoes, Grated Carrot Salad, Rhubarb and Banana Surprise.	Cubed Round Steak, Baked Potatoes or Spachetti, Apple Fritters, Radish Salad, Chives French Dressing, Lemon Tapioc	Baked Slice of Ham, Sweet Potato Pudding, Cauliflower, Orange Salad, French Dressing, Canned Raspberry Puffs.	Hollandaise Sauce, Paprika Potatoes, Buttered String Beans, Shredded Green Vegetable Salad, Lecanberry Chantilly, Swedish Cookies.	Broiled Beef Balls with Sauce Figaro, Macaroni, Brussels Sprouts or Other Greens, Celery, Prune Pudding.	Cole Slaw, Sour Cream Dressing, Hot Pecan Muffins, Marmalade, Milk or Cocoa.

American Weekly Patterns

Pattern 3395—GREET THE SPRING IN A TRIM YOUNG PORCH-AND-HOUSE FROCK WHICH MAY VARY ITS NECKLINE. Designed for sizes 12, 14, 16, 18 and 20. Size 16 requires 3¼ yards 36-inch fabric and ½ yard contrasting.

Pattern 3208—SLIM-LINE COTTON HOUSE FROCK HAS ALL THE FINE DETAILS OF A "BETTER" DRESS. Designed for sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44. Size 16 requires 3¾ yards 36-inch fabric.

Pattern 3343—SMART FOR HOUSE OR RUN-ABOUT WEAR, THIS FLATTERING FROCK OF SURPLICE CUT IS ALSO SLENDERIZING. Designed for sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46. Size 36 requires 3⅝ yards 36-inch fabric.

Pattern 3392—AN ALL-OCCASION FROCK WITH SIMPLE NECKLINE MAY VARY THE WAYS IN WHICH IT MAY BE SMARTLY TRIMMED. Designed for sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42. Size 16 requires 3⅝ yards 39-inch fabric.

Pattern 3393—CHOOSE A GAY PRINT IN COTTON OR SILK FOR THIS YOUTHFULLY STYLED GIRL'S DRESS. Designed for sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14. Size 10 requires 2⅞ yards 36-inch fabric.

Pattern 3396—FILET CROCHET SCARF, BUFFET OR LUNCHEON SET MADE IN DOUBLE QUICK TIME. Pattern 3396 contains charts and directions for making these articles; material requirements; illustrations of all stitches needed.

Pattern 3394—THIS GRACIOUS ALL-PURPOSE FROCK DONS A SWAGGER JACKET FOR EXTRA "WEARABILITY." Designed for sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42. Size 36 requires 4 yards 39-inch fabric and 1¾ yards contrasting.

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EACH issue of THE AMERICAN WEEKLY accurately portrays this world of ours—as it is, as it was and as we would have it be.

It Tastes Better With Butterscotch

By Mrs. Christine Frederick,
The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.

WHAT is butterscotch? A flavor? Only a confection? A local name for toffee? Or is it the equivalent of the term caramel?

Considerable culinary sleuthing recently revealed that butterscotch, while listed only as a confection in the dictionary, nevertheless holds second rank as a popular food flavor. First, of course, as a flavor is chocolate—and then comes butterscotch.

Butterscotch is that unique but simple blending of butter and brown sugar in such a way that it becomes a distinctive flavor which we like to find in many everyday foods. As a sauce, as a pie filling flavor, as the special seasoning of cakes, cookies or of puddings, butterscotch always gets a hand from around the table on which it appears.

Like toffee to which it is almost a twin brother, like caramel to which it is equally almost a twin sister flavor, butterscotch subtly changes even the simplest desserts and dishes into those which are sufficiently glorified to serve fastidious guests.

The basis of butterscotch is some form of sugar, but preferably brown sugar which retains much of its pleasing, natural molasses flavor. This is not too unrelated to maple syrup—also a natural cane or tree sap, and indeed one can hardly distinguish between butterscotch, caramel, maple syrup, toffee (or taffy) or natural brown sugars when boiled down with water.

As every housewife knows there are varying brown sugars light, dark, and medium—depending on the quantity of molasses left in each. When the sugar cane syrup is boiled down, and refined, these darker or so-called soft sugars are produced.

Brown sugars contain more refiner's syrup and less granulated sugar, and therefore have the darker color and a more pronounced flavor. Brown sugars may taste sweeter, but their actual sugar content is less than that of white granulated sugar. Their soft consistency makes them ideal for cake mixtures and frostings.

Corn syrup is another natural vegetable syrup which also yields a similar butterscotch flavor. Corn syrup is obtained by crystallizing the syrup made from the starch of the corn kernel. Corn syrup is about three-fifths as sweet as cane or beet sugar, and has a light brown or pale straw color. It is sold in syrup and also in lump and granular forms.

Maple syrup is obtained by the concentration of the sap of the maple tree, by boiling down and purifying. As it runs from the tree, the sap contains only about 2 per cent of sugar, while the finished maple syrup contains about 64 per cent of sugar.

Maple sugar, maple syrup, and the special forms of confectionary into which this natural sugar is made, all will produce a delicious butterscotch flavor when combined with butter in sauces, etc.

Indeed, it now becomes apparent that butterscotch is not so much a special hard kind of confectionary, as that it may be called a true and natural food flavor obtained from vegetable material like the cane, the maple or corn. Hence the housewife may obtain butterscotch from using any kind of sugars, but particularly from the dark soft brown sugars, from corn syrup, and from maple sugar.

Caramel is strictly what is known as burnt sugar made by bringing the usual white granulated sugar to a high cooking point where it caramelizes to a dark brown color with its distinctive caramel odor or flavor. Caramel, too, may be called butterscotch when combined with a generous proportion of butter, as in sauces, pie fillings, custards, etc.

Being a sweet, and thus high in fuel value, any form of butterscotch increases the food value of the dish in which it is used. Let those who must watch their calories beware of butterscotch, or desserts on a butterscotch basis.

But for the rest of us, and for children and active he-men who must do duty outdoors in cold weather, the addition of a butterscotch blend brings not only flavor and interest, but greatly increased food heartiness.

Butterscotch Sauce: 1 cup corn syrup, 1¼ cups brown sugar, ¼ cup butter, 1 cup cream. Into a saucepan place the corn syrup, brown sugar and butter, and boil together for 5 minutes. Add the cream, bring again to the boiling point, and remove from the fire. This may be kept in a covered jar in the refrigerator for 2 days, or used hot, although the flavor improves with keeping. (Makes about 3 cups of sauce.) Delicious on cornstarch, rice, tapioca and other puddings, or on frozen desserts.

Marshmallow Butterscotch Sauce: 1½ cups boiling water, 1 cup dark brown sugar, 12 fresh marshmallows, ½ teaspoon vanilla. Add sugar to boiling water and cook until the soft ball stage is reached. Have ready the soft fresh quartered marshmallows and pour boiling syrup directly over them, beating steadily. Flavor and serve immediately. This is a thick golden sauce—about 2½ cups of a rich butterscotch flavor. Rum may be used in place of the vanilla.

Frozen Butterscotch Pudding: 1 cup milk, 2 eggs, 1 cup brown sugar syrup, 1 cup whipping cream, 1 teaspoon vanilla. Scald the milk and pour slowly onto the beaten eggs, stirring constantly. Cook in double boiler until it forms a custard, then cool. When cold, add the brown sugar syrup, vanilla, and cream which has been whipped thick. Pour into freezing tray and freeze to a mush. When it has reached this point, stir once and continue until finished. (Makes 5 servings.)

Butterscotch Pie: 1½ cups brown sugar, 1½ cups cold water, 2 tablespoons flour, 2 tablespoons cornstarch, ¼ teaspoon salt, 2 egg yolks, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1 tablespoon butter, baked pastry crust. Blend thoroughly the sugar, flour, cornstarch and salt. Stir in the hot water and cook until thick. Gradually add the beaten eggs, and continue to cook slowly for one minute. Remove from fire. Add vanilla and butter, and beat. Pour into baked crust. Cover with meringue and brown in oven at 325 degrees F. until meringue is golden. (Makes 1 medium pie.) Note: Minced pecan nuts may be lightly sprinkled over top, or added to custard before baking.

Butterscotch Rhubarb Upside Down Cake: 1 cup butter or substitute shortening, 1 cup white sugar, 3 eggs, 2 cups cake flour, 3 teaspoons baking powder, ½ teaspoon salt, ⅔ cup milk, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1½ cups brown sugar, 1 pound raw rhubarb, diced, 1 cup whipping cream. Cream shortening, then blend in sugar. Add well beaten egg yolks. Mix and sift dry ingredients and combine alternately with milk to the creamed mixture. Add vanilla. Carefully fold in the beaten egg whites which have been beaten stiff but not dry. Cover the bottom of a handleless skillet with butter, then with the brown sugar. Then add the diced rhubarb, and last, cover with the cake batter. Bake moderate oven (350 degrees F.) 45 minutes. Remove, turn upside down with the large platter. Garnish with sweetened whipped cream. (Serves 10 to 12.)

Butterscotch Fruit Cookies: 1 cup butter or substitute shortening, 2½ cups light brown sugar, 2 eggs, 3 cups cake flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, ½ teaspoon soda, 1 teaspoon salt, 2 cups dates finely chopped, 1 cup walnuts finely chopped. Cream shortening thoroughly, then add sugar and blend again. Mix and sift dry ingredients, then add chopped dates and nuts. Combine the two mixtures. Form into small rolls and wrap in waxed paper, setting in refrigerator overnight. Slice very thin. Bake in hot oven (400 degrees F.) for 8 minutes or until cookies are golden brown, being careful they do not scorch. (Makes about 90 wafer-thin cookies.)

Butterscotch Hermit Squares: ½ cup shortening, 2 cups brown sugar, 2 eggs, 1½ cups cake flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, ¼ teaspoon salt, 1 cup chopped walnut meats, 1 teaspoon vanilla or almond. Melt shortening, add brown sugar and cook slowly until smooth. Cool. Add eggs one at a time, beating in after each addition. Mix and sift dry ingredients, add ½ cup of the chopped nuts and combine with the butterscotch mixture. Add flavoring. Spread mixture to ½-inch thick in square fudge pan. Sprinkle with remaining nuts. Bake moderate oven (350 degrees F.) for 20 minutes. While still warm, cut into 1½-inch oblongs. (Makes 30 squares.)

Banana Butterscotch Pie: 1½ cups condensed milk (1 can), ⅔ cup heavy brown sugar syrup, ½ cup pecans, grains salt, ½ cup whipping cream, 2 tablespoons granulated sugar, 3 large ripe bananas, baked 8-inch pie shell. Blend condensed milk and brown sugar syrup in a heavy saucepan. Bring to boil over low heat and boil about 4 minutes, stirring constantly until creamy and thick. Cool. Chop pecans, and add half to this mixture. Add salt. Pour into baked pie shell. One hour before serving cover pie with thinly sliced bananas. Cover with whipped cream and sprinkle with remaining nutmeats finely minced. Chill before serving. (Serves 6.)

Quick Butterscotch Cake Filling: 1½ cups (1 can) condensed milk, ½ cup thick brown sugar syrup, grains salt, 2 tablespoons butter. Place condensed milk, syrup and salt in heavy saucepan and bring to boil, stirring constantly for 8 minutes until thick. Add butter, and beat in. Cool. Spread between layers of any cool cake, or use as frosting for sponge cake, dark cakes, etc.

Banana Butterscotch: 1 cup brown sugar, 2 tablespoons light cream, 3 tablespoons butter, ½ teaspoon vanilla, 4 ripe bananas, ½ cup whipping cream. Slowly cook together in saucepan the sugar, cream and butter, stirring constantly about 5 minutes, until sugar is melted and bubbling. Have bananas sliced in individual dishes and pour over hot sauce. Top with whipped cream, and serve immediately. (Makes 4 portions.)

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—Mrs. Knox

CARAMEL CUSTARD
(6 Servings—uses only ½ package)

1 envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine
¼ cup cold water
1¾ cups milk
⅓ cup sugar, white, brown or maple
2 egg yolks, slightly beaten
⅛ teaspoonful salt
½ teaspoonful vanilla
2 egg whites, beaten stiff and dry

Caramelize sugar (cook in a shallow pan until dark brown) and add to scalded milk. Add to slightly beaten egg yolks and salt. Cook over boiling water until of custard consistency. Pour cold water in bowl and sprinkle gelatine on top of water. Add to custard and stir thoroughly. Cool and when mixture begins to congeal fold in egg whites, beaten stiff and dry, and vanilla. Pour into a large mold or individual molds that have been rinsed in cold water. Chill and serve topped with whipped cream. Or this dessert may be garnished with slices of fruit. Chopped nuts may be added, if desired.

NOTE:—*If you have no fancy molds use any bowl or dish you may have.*

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Sea Shroud by Sinclair Gluck

(Continued from Page 23)

times it would make for the southern point of the island. I was just curious. Didn't expect anything like this. Once I did get close enough to be pretty sure the man was Sako. Another time I thought it was Pierre. But he's usually out with Susan."

"Did you tell Osterhout about these prowlers?"

"Of course not. I had no idea they were up to any mischief. It amused me to hunt them without being seen."

"Is that strictly accurate?" Garrett asked softly.

"In a way, yes. I have been—uneasy for days. But it was just instinct. Only I wanted to know what was going on."

"The same instinct made you refuse to stay in—and took you outdoors tonight, Vane?"

"Yes. I felt restless. How did you know?. Susan?"

"Oh, you ran across Susan outdoors tonight?"

"And Pierre," Vane smiled. "They saw me and told you!"

"Let's see," said Garrett. "The figures you saw were making for the east beach, the path to which lies south, or for the southern point of the island. What took you on the north side of the house tonight? Not those figures, eh?"

"No. I don't know. I felt restless and uneasy more than usual tonight. Perhaps it was instinct."

"You weren't out hunting mosses in the dark?"

Vane stared. "I don't know what you're talking about! Oh! You found those mosses in my room? Well, what the hell—"

"Hrruph!" said Dan with a glance at Celia.

"Those and something else," said Garrett intently.

Vane stiffened. "The—the weapon?" he demanded. "If you did, somebody put it there! I didn't—wouldn't—"

"Of course, he wouldn't!" cried Celia. "Stop it! I won't have him bullied—"

"You're not supposed to be listening," Garrett admonished her dryly. "No, Vane. We haven't found the weapon. Now this uneasy restlessness of yours tonight. Is that what made you say what you did, just before we found Osterhout?"

"What did I say? What did you find in my room?"

"You said: 'But he must answer! It isn't possible.' What did you mean by that, Vane?"

The young man looked at him darkly, and set his lips.

"I'd rather not say," he replied.

"You'd rather go it alone?" asked Garrett shrewdly. "Why not tell us what you suspect—and whom you suspect? We're all working toward the same end. You're up against a clever man. Why wasn't it possible that Osterhout didn't answer?"

Vane shook his head. "I'd rather not say. I won't say any more, but I'd like to know what you found in my room."

"I'd rather not say." Garrett smiled tolerantly. "It wasn't directly incriminating, but it was something calculated to make us suspect you. Does that tell you anything?"

"No," said Vane slowly. "I'm hanged if it does."

Garrett sat up and slapped the sides of the chair.

"Well, it's long past your bedtime," he laughed resignedly. "Do you or Celia know where Osterhout's plans are?"

Slightly startled at hearing her first name, the girl turned rigid at his question. Neither she nor Vane replied.

To Be Continued Next Sunday.

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